CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1935

CURRENT COMMENTS
Douglas Jerrold

PALESTINE PROBLEM REVIEWED AFTER 10 YEARS
C. R. Ashbee

RISING OF THE BRASSMEN
Lt.-Col. Sir Henry Galway, K.C.M.G.

WHERE THREE FRONTIERS MEET
Muriel Currey

HAPPILY EVER AFTER
Afzul Khan

NOT "TOO OLD AT FORTY"
Frank Clinger Scallan

COTSWOLD ROOFS
Kenneth Hare

THE AUTHOR WHO WON'T GROW UP
H. Thorogood

FOREIGN AFFAIRS
Sir Charles Petrie

WHAT ARE WE DOING IN CHINA?
J. O. P. Bland

DRUNK AND SOBER
Afzul Khan

VIRTUE REWARDED
X. M. Boulestin

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT - - Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL
REVIEWS by Sir Charles Petrie, Kenneth Hare, R. Millar, G. R. Stirling Taylor, R. B. Mowat, Arnold Wilson, E. Eardley Simpson.

"OUR RESPONSIBILITIES ARE GREATER . . ."

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales speaking at the British Legion Conference on June 11th said . . ." the responsibilities of the Legion are growing, and the calls upon our funds—owing to the advancing age of ex-Service-men—are not diminishing."

It is, therefore, incumbent upon each and every one of us to give the utmost financial help possible to ensure that not a single legitimate call for aid goes unanswered.

Please give Generously for your Poppy!

POPPY DAY

Nov. 11

All donations should be addressed to the local Poppy Day Committee, or to: Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's (British Legion) Appeal Fund, 29 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.

Ladies willing to act as Poppy Sellers are asked to apply to their local Poppy Day Committee or to the above address.

THE INGRAM ONE CLUB Or SIMPLIFIED BRIDGE

By H. ST. JOHN INGRAM

"I can whole-heartedly recommend it."
Frank England.

"The best arranged Bridge book I have ever come across."
Norman De V. Hart.

"The very best treatise on the One Club Convention yet produced."
Ewart Kempson.

"There is much that is interesting, much that is instructive." Western Mail.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

29th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

CONTENTS, NOVEMBER, 1935.

Correspondence	*J. P. Angold*
Current Comments	*Douglas Jerrold*
The Palestine Problem Reviewed after Ten Years	*C. R. Ashbee*
The Author who won't Grow Up	*Horace Thorogood*
The Rising of the Brassmen	*Lt.-Col. Sir Henry Galway, K.C.M.G., D.S.O.*
What are We doing in China?	*J. O. P. Bland*
Cotswold Roofs	*Kenneth Hare*
Where Three Frontiers Meet	*Muriel Currey*
Not " Too Old at Forty "	*Frank Clinger Scallan*
Virtue Rewarded	*X. M. Boulestin*
Drunk and Sober	*Afzul Khan*
Happily Ever After	*Afzul Khan*
Foreign Affairs	*Sir Charles Petrie*

Literary Supplement : *Hugh Kingsmill ; R. B. Mowat ; R. Millar ; Arnold Wilson ; E. Eardley Simpson ; Sir Charles Petrie ; G. R. Stirling Taylor ; Kenneth Hare.*

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED AND SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 14/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE (PUBLISHERS) LIMITED

6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Correspondence

The Evolution of The Pound Sterling

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Kitson's destruction of Sir Robert Peel's definition of "pound" is complete, but he is not so successful in his attempt to overthrow the legal definition of "money" as delivered by the King's Justices in 1604, viz., that "money is a public measure intended to obviate the inconvenience and inequity of barter." He would substitute "a legalized and generally accepted order for the free delivery of goods and services to the bearer."

That this is incomplete is at once evident from the fact that no denomination of money specifies on its face the quantity of boots, sugar, tramrides, &c., to be delivered: that depends on the value of All Money at the time of demand for delivery: and the value of All Money (i.e. the sum total of currency circulating or coaxable into circulation) is, as Alexander del Mar laid down, the amount of all goods available at any one time for exchange (the classical definition of exchange value between various kinds of goods being admitted by Mr. Kitson). On this (del Mar's) view, equitable money is not an order, but a universal pressure gauge precisely measuring *readiness to sell* which is a complex of numbers of buyers, numbers of sellers and quantities of goods for sale: the whole of money is like an expanding rubber tube through which passes all the goods and services for exchange, each portion of the tube (each £1 note, &c.) expanding and contracting accordingly. This is only achieved by the common consent of all persons to the application of this measure to each particular transaction to record a final and binding account of it between the parties. Such is equitable money. Money becomes an order only by the present iniquity of debt, where it is an order releasing the tenderer from the arm of the Bankruptcy and Liquidation jurisdictions at the express request of the great creditor, the Bank of England.

To say that I agree with Mr. Kitson on the National Debt would be an impertinence to the G.O.M. of monetary reform.

J. P. ANGOLD.

Oxshott,

HAPPY HOMES FOR POOR CHILDREN

1,100 poor boys and girls, taken from poverty, and now living in pleasant and healthy surroundings, and being given a chance in life to become good and useful men and women.

THIS IS THE GREAT WORK
which has been carried on for 92 years by

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

1,100 CHILDREN ALWAYS BEING MAINTAINED

OVER 33,000 *have already passed through the Society's Homes and Training Ship.*

Here are two really happy girls from one of our Homes

The Society remember with profound gratitude their first President and part Founder, the 7th Earl of Shaftesbury, who passed over 50 years ago. He laboured throughout his life to right the wrongs of the children of the poor.

PLEASE SEND A DONATION TODAY

And know that you have been the means of helping to bring happiness into the lives of 1,100 poor boys and girls.

164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

"TRUTH"
Grows Better Than Ever

ITS outspoken comments are always valuable to those who desire to keep pace with public affairs. And, of course, the value of its enlightened and critical survey of all Investments of importance is inestimable.

Then there are the authoritative articles by writers of distinction on Politics, Sport, Music, Art, the Theatre, Books and Motoring; the typical diary by the New Pepys, a Queer Story and exposures of all kinds of frauds.

Altogether, the journal—quite apart from its high literary standing—is necessary to everyone who needs an adequate survey of the movements of men and affairs.

NINEPENCE EVERY WEDNESDAY

Obtainable at all booksellers, or from

THE MANAGER, Truth Buildings, Carteret Street, London, S.W.1

by postal subscription at the following rates:

3 months, 10s. 10d. 6 months, £1 1s. 8d. 12 months, £2 3s.

SHEED & WARD

Ronald Knox

BARCHESTER PILGRIMAGE

Large Cr. 8vo. 288 pp. 7s. 6d. net.

Father Knox is here a pilgrim in Trollope's footsteps; and the peas in his shoes have the effect of making his wit subtler and deeper than in anything he has yet written.

G. K. Chesterton

THE WELL AND THE SHALLOWS

Large Cr. 8vo. 288 pp. 7s. 6d. net.
With a wrapper design by Thomas Derrick.

The *Listener*, new and serious, admires Mr. Chesterton for "making controversy appear charity"; while *Punch*, old and humorous, finds him as "winning, as eloquent and as right-minded as ever."

Christopher Dawson

RELIGION AND THE MODERN STATE

Demy 8vo. 176 pp. 6s. net.

This is the book on almost every page of which *The Times* found a "penetrating judgment" or "literary distinction"; it is also the book which was favourably noticed both by the *New Statesman* and the *Fascist Quarterly*, two periodicals which, we have been authoritatively assured, are not in the same hands.

C. S. Lewis

THE PILGRIM'S REGRESS

Cr. 8vo. 256 pp. 5s. net.

(First published by Messrs. Dent) this is not a contradiction of *Pilgrim's Progress*; nor is it only a modern version of it; since the pilgrim, at the end of his journey, finds the home which he left in childhood.

31 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

NOVEMBER, 1935

THE Prime Minister in his speech at Bewdley on October 19 condemned all talk of war as wicked. He would have done even more good to the cause of peace if he had condemned the principle of the declarations of the leaders of the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress and of many of his own political supporters in favour of military sanctions should economic sanctions fail. Unfortunately, in all pronouncements by the Government, not excluding Mr. Baldwin's own speech, this issue of principle has been evaded. Of course we wish for peace; of course we shall not act alone; but how far along the road of collective hostile action against Italy are we to go, drawing France reluctantly at our heels as the result of the most violent pressure ever brought to bear on a friendly country since the Kaiser procured the fall of M. Delcassé. There is not a man, woman or child in the country who does not know that the drastic sanctions invoked against Italy are mainly our policy. Had England been for conciliation, or even moderation, the present tension in Europe would not exist. This is not necessarily a condemnation of our action. It is a condemnation of the pretence that the action is not mainly ours. How much further is our initiative to be carried. Not beyond the point at which we can secure a unanimous vote at Geneva. That is admitted. But what pressure is to be brought, and what inducements to secure such a vote? Sir Samuel Hoare believes that the pre-requisite of military sanctions—unanimity—has always been lacking. What if he proves wrong? Is the British fleet at the disposal of the League if and when the League chooses to change its mind? It is, indeed, an evil thing to talk of war—as evil as to stir up hatred and malice by lying propaganda—but it is not enough

to express a chilling indifference to the continuance or otherwise of the present Fascist régime and to talk in general terms of our good intentions in the matter of peace. The time is overdue for a clear pronouncement not that we prefer peace to war, but that we propose to insist, as we have the power to insist, on the preservation of peace in Europe throughout the present crisis; for a clear declaration that we shall neither propose military sanctions nor acquiesce in them if they are proposed by another Power.

The duty of all who intend to vote

PERHAPS by the time these lines appear in print this clear pronouncement will have been made. May it be so. But in any case it is necessary to ensure that the new House of Commons is clearly pledged to this policy, and bound by its pledges not to support this or any other government which departs from it. Those who wish for peace have therefore a clear duty—to support, work and vote for those candidates, and those only, who will pledge themselves unequivocally to vote against the employment of military sanctions by the League. It is a clear issue. We shall be told that if the League were, now or in the future, unanimous about military sanctions, it would be a short war; the coalition of forces would be so powerful that it would not only be short, but triumphant. That was what all Europe said when Napoleon began his campaigns. That is what many Englishmen said in August, 1914, just as they had said it in 1899. We may be as right to-morrow as we were wrong on those other fateful occasions. It is beside the point. The whole of Europe and Asia is not only armed, but mobilized. With the exception of our own and the German government, there is not a government in Western Europe which is secure, or which can rely on its people to implement its policies. Russia, standing behind France and England in the impudent guise of the beneficent protector of European Christian

Civilization and the political and civic rights of Christian-men, is not interested in anything but the spread of Communism in Europe. Let those who tell us that she is acting out of sincere determination to preserve the Western bourgeois régimes think a little harder before they repeat this nonsense to the electors. And even if this were not so, no one but a fool or a knave could pretend to forecast the immediate consequence of the application of military sanctions against a great Power. They are wholly incalculable. What would happen in France, in Spain, in the Argentine, in Canada and Australia, in Poland, in Austria and Hungary, in Albania or in China?

The consequences of military sanctions

IT is particularly important to note that the most optimistic calculations forecast the worst possible ultimate results. The French right, we are told, may be suppressed or eclipsed at the polls, and a great victory for the extreme left may yet rally the standard of France behind the politicians at Geneva. Are the precedents of 1789 encouraging for the world's peace? Have we been re-assured by the persistent stream of requests from the Quai D'Orsay for an indefinite extension of our obligations to join in a military campaign against Germany, and to acquiesce as a preliminary in the use of massed forces at Germany's gates as an instrument of the French diplomacy. We are asked also to look forward to Russian action as a counterpoise to Japan in the Far East. Sufficiently foolish our reliance on Russia in 1916, when the armies of Germany were at her gates and interest joined with honour in demanding her to fight on in the allied cause. But what an extreme of folly to suppose that Soviet Russia, bitterly opposed to every one of the ideals for which our present Government claims to stand, and jealous to-day as yesterday of our Asiatic empire, is a trustworthy custodian of British interests in the East. Take Italy herself. Is it the calculation

that the collapse of the Duce's régime which must inevitably follow on the effective imposition of military sanctions against him, would lead to the re-establishment of a liberal Parliamentary régime. Not even at the National Liberal Club is such a hope entertained. The inevitable sequel would be a period of revolutionary violence. Similar questions can be asked about every country which would be affected by the formal canonization of military force as the official instrument of the New European diplomacy.

A long view of sanctions

IF the immediate consequences of military sanctions are incalculable, the same is far from being true, alas, of their ultimate consequences. The League to-day is not a League of Nations: it is a hazardous association of very discordant interests under the leadership of a hastily reconstructed and disaffected version of the pre-war Triple Entente. Counting Italy out of the League, as she would be if military sanctions were invoked, four out of the seven great Powers would be out of the League, and there would certainly be other defections. Once force, applied as a result of a majority vote (it could be nothing more), became the recognized instrument of such a League, the world would in effect have to submit to the absolute control of its affairs by the British Fleet and the armies of France and Russia, or organize itself to resist such force by counter-force. There cannot, whatever the other uncertainties, be any uncertainty at all as the choice between these two alternatives. The League would become the diplomatic instrument of one highly armed coalition of Powers against which another coalition of Powers would inevitably arise. If force is to be the decisive factor in international politics, the facts of history and the logic of experience alike tells us that an approximate balance of forces is the necessary sequel. Force raises up force against it to the point where equilibrium is reached. That is an inexorable law.

Futility of a change of Government

WE do not propose to say anything here on the wisdom or justice of the League's proceedings to date. Decisions have been taken in circumstances sufficiently provocative. These decisions stand as acts to which the British Government is a party, and so long as the Government maintains its position, they must be accepted by Englishmen. As "Scrutator" has already pointed out, however, in the *Sunday Times*, it is certain that the League procedure has miserably failed to maintain peace on most occasions, and has still more miserably failed on every occasion to take action sufficiently soon or sufficiently impartially to deal with the causes of international disputes before the situation arising from these became intolerable to one of the parties. It is thus common ground among men of all parties that no similar procedure can be tolerated in the future. But this is neither the time nor the place to examine the proper foundations and principles for the international organization that will have to be re-planned when the present crisis is over. Needless, therefore, to attempt to allocate the blame—grave though it is—for the wholly unsatisfactory results of the new diplomacy in its time of testing. On the admission of their own spokesman, the Labour Party, if it had been in power, would have supported with at least as much vigour the policies which have led Europe once again, after the intolerably short interval of 17 years, to the brink of a world war. Whether therefore we regard these policies, as many still do, as the best available in difficult circumstances, or whether we regard them as fundamentally misconceived, there can be no case whatever on this ground for a change of government. It is moreover of vital importance to the cause of peace that the issue should not be confused at this critical date. To vote for war because the Government has tried to keep the peace is as foolish as to vote for peace after the Government has declared war. We must from now on either pursue a war

policy or a peace policy, and either policy must be pursued to the end.

The case we have to answer, or fight

WE have given our reasons for holding that no votes should be given to any candidate not prepared to pledge himself to vote in his turn against military sanctions. We turn now to the case which will be put forward on his side. First, we shall be told to trust the government, that it is impossible to foresee what circumstances may arise, and that we must not tie the hands of the people's representatives. This balderdash need not detain us long. No one supposes that Mr. Baldwin would propose military sanctions outside the League, or unless economic sanctions failed. Mr. Baldwin's desire for peace is as deeply felt as that of any one in the country. The question is whether, if economic sanctions fail, and if a new French government of the left, in alliance with Communist Russia, demands military sanctions, the British Government is either (*a*) to acquiesce in, or (*b*) to veto military sanctions by and through the League. If the British people are not entitled to answer this simple question for themselves, and in doing so to bind their representatives to carry out their wishes, then we have ceased to be a democracy. Even Herr Hitler would not take a decision on a point of this gravity without seeking the support of a popular vote. The National Government would not claim the right to do so. The argument we have outlined will be put forward not by the Prime Minister, but by supporters of the war policy who wish to evade a declaration of their views to their constituents. The electorate must see that they are not allowed to do so.

Lord Noel-Buxton's views on Abyssinia

ALTHOUGH the argument for avoiding a straight answer of the question of military sanctions is balderdash, it would be as foolish as it would be impertinent to deny that the arguments in favour of

military sanctions have some weight. The arguments are directed not to the consequences of such sanctions but to the legal, moral and political obligation to enforce them if other measures fail. The case on the ground of political obligation runs as follows. If the League fails to save Abyssinia from Italy, it will be ruined, and the world will be left without any peace organization or any body of public law for settling international disputes. It is better therefore to fight now for the preservation of the principle of some public law, than to fight later in a world plunged into chaos by the absence of any public law. This case, formidable on a platform, rests on a tissue of misconceptions. In the first case the League has already failed to save Abyssinia from invasion, and has already declared that Abyssinia is not worthy of the status of an independent sovereign State. How, indeed, could any other verdict have been reached in view of the Anti-Slavery Society's report forwarded to the League itself by Lord Noel-Buxton in which, it is stated, *first*, that " Slavery constitutes the basis of the entire economic system in Ethiopia," and, *secondly*, that " the continuation of those atrocious activities which are carried out with the least possible hindrance and without any administration whatever, *cry out for intervention*." In the second place, the system of public law which we are asked to save is the system which has already demonstrably failed to avoid or to prevent war and which will, if economic sanctions fail (and it is only on that assumption that the question of military sanctions will arise) have failed also to stop war when it has begun or to bring victory to the aggrieved party without extending the area of conflict. In other words, we should, in such an eventuality, be asked to fight in order to preserve a system which had failed to do any one of the things for which it was created. In the third place the world would not be plunged into chaos even if the League ceased to exist. There has been far more chaos since the League was formed than during the century from 1815 to 1914 when

it did not exist. And if the result of an admitted failure of the present League was not merely negative but positive, and led to the organization of an effective international system, then, so far from chaos resulting, we should have reached an infinitely better state of affairs than existed in the nineteenth century, let alone during the disastrous seventeen years from 1918 to 1935.

The moral case for war

THE moral case for military sanctions is perhaps stronger, if less plausible. It is based on the theory that we incurred the obligation, when we signed the Covenant, to take all possible collective measures, without limitation or regard for our own interests, to punish effectively an act of aggression against a member State of the League, and to protect that State at any cost from all the consequences of such aggression. This argument makes it a moral duty not merely to acquiesce in the League's decisions but to take an active part in procuring the most forcible decisions possible. Recently an attempt has been made to reinforce this view by legal arguments directed to showing that, in the circumstances at present existing, Italy has in law committed an act of war against all members of the League, that the maintenance of friendly relations with Italy would itself be a breach of the Covenant of the League, and that no State has a right to disassociate itself from hostile collective action against Italy. If the lawyers are right in this interpretation of the present situation it is clear that the whole world has been wrong ever since 1919. In other words, we joined the League on a wholly false understanding of its obligations. It would mean in particular that, once a breach of the relevant articles of the Covenant were formally established, all requirements of unanimity are abrogated and that those nations who refuse to participate in sanctions become themselves outlaws, against whom also sanctions should be invoked. Russia has already declared her acceptance of

this view and is demanding action against Austria, Hungary and Albania. This in its turn would mean that in the case of every breach of the relevant articles of the Covenant the whole of the world, excepting the non-member States, would be automatically at war. The greater the lack of unanimity at Geneva, the longer and more costly the resulting war.

The conditions of honourable war-mongering

IT is just arguable—and has, in fact, been argued in the important manifesto recently published under the title of " The next Five Years "—that certain economic sanctions against a proved aggressor should have been predictable and automatic. An automatic embargo on the supply of arms, credits or the raw materials of war, under arrangements notified to the world in advance, might have been more effective than a vague and undefined threat in deterring intending aggressors. To go further than that would, however, necessitate, before any honourable people would tolerate such a course, not only a complete recasting of the League's machinery for the judicial examination of aggression, but a complete revision of the definition of aggression; it would, further, imperatively demand, to prevent intolerable situations from arising, the creation of effective machinery for the review and reform of treaties and governments all over the world. The time is long distant when the great nations will entrust such a task to any ephemeral junta of politicians at Geneva. In any case no legal argument for automatic sanctions can stand because every British government has told the British people and the whole world that it will be a party only to collective action by all the members of the League. Further, we have been told again and again that participation in military sanctions is not a necessary consequence of our membership of the League, because England could not through the League be forced into war by a majority vote. In other words, the only interpretation of the

Covenant known to the public is one which preserves our freedom of judgment. As Mr. Garvin rightly says: "The whole theory of sacred and universal commitments has been utterly repudiated by Parliament and the Nation; and they were will never consent to it."

The moral case for an immoral war

THERE remains the moral case for exercising our freedom of judgment in favour of military sanctions. Are we bound, regardless of the consequences, or of the facts of the case as it existed before the act of aggression, to assist Abyssinia to the last man and the last shilling. Or is the obligation only there because, in this particular case, it is believed to be cheap to fulfil, however disastrous the ultimate consequences: or is the obligation only there because we believe not only that it can be cheaply but safely fulfilled. To ask this question is to answer the whole question out of which they arise. No nation can be morally bound in all cases, regardless of causes or consequences, by a general principle accepted by a government without reference to the particular case which has arisen. This is because no nation can be morally bound, any more than the individual can, to act immorally. To plunge the whole world into the chaos of war and economic ruin can never be a moral obligation. If it were a legal obligation, it would be an obligation which would inevitably have to give way before the graver moral obligation to save the world from catastrophe. Any moral obligation that lies on England in the present crisis arises, and can only arise, out of the situation as it exists. It cannot arise out of the text of a set of general principles formulated in totally different circumstances 17 years ago. It is to take all context out of the conception of morality to pretend that our moral obligations could be the same in the case of an expedition against Abyssinia (where the mechanism of society is, to quote from Lord Noel-Buxton again, "only a little more developed than it was in the Middle Ages") as they

would be in the case of an attempt to conquer and destroy the civilization of France. The legal position may be the same: the moral position cannot be. If we are right in saying, and who so wise and provident as to deny it, that the first consequences of imposing military sanctions in Italy are unpredictable and will certainly be world-wide, we have a situation in which prudence is the first duty.

The future of Abyssinia

AGAINST this risk to the whole of civilization we must balance the future of Abyssinia only to a very limited extent. A word from Geneva can end the Abyssinian campaign. It is not, and never has been, a choice between life and death for the Abyssinians, or between a genuine independence and a protectorate. The Abyssinians are fighting with the support of the League for one system of external control through the League as opposed to another system of external control through Italy. The tribesmen on whom the Emperor of Abyssinia can call know nothing of this. Many of them are, in fact, as hostile to Abyssinia as to the Italian government and none of them have heard of the League of Nations. No one denies that a settlement can be reached. The question that remains is solely whether, as a prelude to a settlement, there is to be a public humiliation of Italy, procured, if necessary, by war. That and nothing else is the alleged moral issue for which some of our countrymen wish to send others to their death. A worse case has never been supported by disinterested men with worse arguments. On grounds of law they ask us to hold ourselves bound to an interpretation of the Covenant which, in the event of the failure of economic sanctions, would force us into war without the right to exercise a free judgment, and on grounds of morals we are asked to ignore every moral consideration relevant to the case. The legal argument conflicts with every assurance ever given by any British government as to the nature and

extent of our obligations under the Covenant. The moral argument conflicts with every principle of Christian morality, which is based on free judgment and which "the letter killeth."

The importance of the Issue

MANY will say that Sir Samuel Hoare's speech in the House of Commons on the 22nd October has closed the issue as far as military sanctions are concerned. We cannot agree. The last has not been heard of the proposal. The Liberal and Socialist parties are in favour of it; the Peace Balloteers are in favour of it; powerful forces at home and abroad will see to it that the proposal to use force against the Italian government is raised again sooner or later. The British people must express their opinion clearly and forcibly on this issue before it re-appears in the foreground. It is not a question whether we propose sanctions now, but whether we are to acquiesce in them in the future. We cannot evade this issue by saying that it does not arise at present.

DOUGLAS JERROLD

The Palestine Problem Reviewed after Ten Years

By C. R. Ashbee

IN 1924 I wrote for THE ENGLISH REVIEW on the Palestine problem. My object in the present article is to show how, after a recent study of Palestine conditions on the spot, the Administration have been as successful in their agricultural as they have been the reverse in their civic policy. When I use the words agricultural and civic, I include under the former all those activities which cover the general opening out of a country that is primarily agricultural, the settlement of Jewish colonists, the protection of the Arab fellah, and the raising of the standard of health and education, while under civic policy I imply the lay out and orderliness of the towns, and such matters as we usually associate with the term civilization in its derivative or civic sense—those things in short that dignify a city.

Among the changes that first strike us are the splendid roads, the fine plantations for timber, the improved health service, the excellent Arab village schools, and the care taken for scientific archæology. All these are admirable achievements of the first order. They have to be set beside, and they are for the most part independent of, the excellent Jewish agricultural colonies of which more is heard because, being more vocal, they command a Press in England and America.

There is no doubt that the highly capitalized and well-equipped Jewish agricultural settlements show better results in ploughing, seeding, harvesting and stock raising than do the average Arab villages hard by, where the work of the Government schools has not yet had time to tell, and where capital is not forthcoming. The question, sometimes asked, how far are the Jewish experiments helping the Arab culture, is as yet difficult to answer. That they do help is undeniable, but the help is indirect, and where improvement is evident the Jews

sometimes take credit for what the Administration are doing. The next generation—the children of the boys and girls now being trained—may have a different answer to give, and cases can already be shown where Jewish lads are learning useful tips from the work of Arab country schools.

But the question is qualified by two hard facts; first that the Jew is primarily a townsman, second that Arab agriculture, however backward, is economically more stable. The 1932 statistics give the Jewish population as 160,000, of whom 33,000 were agricultural and the rest urban. With the Arab it is heavily the reverse. The Arab can live on less, can adapt himself better to rainfall cultivation, and is less dependent on mechanical conditions. Industrialized agriculture means little to him. Much of the new mechanism introduced by the Jews from U.S.A. has yet to justify itself in Palestine, and Jewish experts, such as Dr. Volcani, the author of " The Fellah's Farm," are by no means confident of its ultimate success. It may be that the co-operative conditions under which the fellaheen have been accustomed to work in Palestine and which the Jews, without knowing it, are introducing under new forms—witness the admirable ventures of Dagania and Nahalal—may lend themselves to the employment of some of the new industrial machinery. It is too early to judge. The inevitable test of an intensive cultivation has yet to be applied.

There is a more serious question. An Arab cultivator walked into a Government office recently, and when asked what he was doing replied: " I have burnt my plough." The effect of Zionist immigration, stimulated by British administrative methods has been to hasten the break up of the old feudal structure of society. It is doubtful whether adequate precautions are being taken to replace it. Fifteen years ago there was still a balance. In 1918 the crafts were being carried on in many villages. Weaving, dying, glass-making, pottery, masonry and

building to season, and a variety of small crafts were still practised. It was the effort of the then Administration to hold this together, and rehabilitate what the War had disturbed. The effort was not unsuccessful. But the rapid and somewhat artificial industrialization of the country has destroyed the balance and a deracinated or proletarian class is growing up. That class when and if it becomes pauper will be a danger alike to the Jew and to the Administration.

The Zionist claim that to the Arab the Jew comes as an emancipator has not so far been made good. There is no reason why it should not be. But it will be a long process, and if, as is happening at present, you force the pace, you risk revolution and bloodshed, or, as some Englishmen think is already the case, you force the Arab National movement underground. Others argue that all this is but the European industrial process that has got to run its course. It may be so; but the difference between Europe and Palestine is that what in Europe has taken 150 years is in Palestine being done in 15. The danger is in the speed.

A good example of agricultural development, where engineering may help mitigate political friction and serve both Arab and Jew, is the draining of the Houla basin. The Arab grievance here is mainly political. There is no doubt that when the swamp is drained the country will gain as a whole, malaria be checked, and more land reserved to the Arab cultivator than would have been under the old Turkish conditions.

Yet however well and however wisely the Administration is helping the Arab agriculturist—witness the fine Government agricultural station at Farradi—the land grievance remains. For the moment it is not so much economic as psychological; for the land question is inextricably tangled up with the political issue—the country's ultimate administration. It is clear the Arab cannot have it both ways. He cannot be free to sell his land and yet at the same time be prevented from selling

it. Meantime the Jew, who is pouring capital into the country, complains that he is being compelled to purchase at fictitious and uneconomic rates. He is thus being forced into the impasse he has himself created. For the appeal of the Arab now is to the second part of the Balfour Declaration. It shall be "*Clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing communities in Palestine.*" "We claim our civil rights," says the Arab; "Observe the Hope Simpson Report, consider the Keren-Kayemeth, the Keren-Hayesed, the Emek colony agreements with their boycott clauses. If such purchased lands are to be held in mortmain and inalienable for ever, we claim similar powers of controlling the disposal of land, but in our own way. In any case the Declaration is incompatible with a Mandate that postulates self-determination, and in fine we resent the burden of a police, however excellent, whose object is to force upon us a policy we never agreed to and which we detest."

Perhaps the two most hopeful, they are certainly the most significant things in Palestine, are the Daniel Sieff experimental station at Rehovoth; and what we see going on in the districts round Jaffa with its orange groves, and Tiberias, with its excellent municipal enterprise. Arab and Jew are working in harmony. One observes Yemenite Jews who are all but indistinguishable from Arab fellaheen; in many places one notes the younger generation sharing their sports, and certainly in the pre-war colonies, under the present level-headed Administration, there has been a resumption of the old pre-war good will. And why should this not be? One hears it said: "If the politicians would only leave us alone." Both sides indeed find themselves up against realities, and when you talk to the leaders quietly, out of gallery earshot, they say much the same. It has got to be a "joint National Home." Even as it has been in history before. The Englishman adds: "If people would only read their Bible intelligently." Arabs we call

them now; in the Pentateuch, the Prophetic Books, the Gospels, they may have been called Hittites, Hivites, Perrizites, Philistines, Canaanites, Samaritans, there are many names for them; but they have always been there.

For the moment the dispossessed fellah is being saved—a precarious salvation?—by the Hitlerite movement in Germany which is stimulating the artificial land values. His feudal landlord, or tribal chief, may have sold the land—as feudal landlords in Scotland sold the crofters, but he himself, not fool-proof, and having bartered to Jacob, as Esau did before him, his rights under the "Cultivators Protection Ordinance," is still in the heyday of scattering the golden grain. "I have burnt my plough—but here for the moment, is the shower of gold." With a chuckle the Arab politician adds: "If the Jews complain of the imposition of the Aryan clause in Germany they must not claim the right of imposing a similar clause upon us in Palestine. Yet that is what they, a minority, are doing." Perhaps the Administration may yet see well to tighten up the "Cultivators Protection Ordinance" not only in the feudal but also in the tribal districts of Palestine, and so meet the Arabs' very reasonable demands for a better continuity of the little man's hold on his plot, thus enabling the family to hang together on the land.

It was always predicted by those who studied the question that the Arab Nationalist movement would come to a head when the fellah or the tribesman was being shifted from the soil of Palestine as a result of Zionist policy. It was perhaps not foreseen what repercussions this might cause in other Islamic countries. For the moment there is little leadership. But there is no doubt it will be found among the young. Already one hears far-sighted and thoughtful Moslems in Palestine, in Egypt, or among Indians, say, "Why does not the British Raj, which is the greatest Moslem power in the world, establish in London a centre for Islamic study and reunion, even as the French have done in Paris, or the

Germans in Berlin? Why is Great Britain so behindhand in constructive idealism?" This, indeed, is on all fours with the late Lord Milner's advice to the Palestinian Moslems to have their own representative in London as a counterpoise to Zionist enterprise. One hears young Moslems say: "We must get this done." Palestine may be the lever for doing it. Thus the land question, touching as it does the "civil and religious rights" of Palestinian Moslems, may in the end, if wisely handled, also help the Zionist cause. The more idealistic Jews, men like Dr. Magnes, who is making of the Hebrew University a centre for Islamic as well as for merely Hebrew culture, would probably see it so, but they have to convice the Arab of their *bona fides*. To them the idea that the "National Home" is to be achieved in the end by the expulsion or repression of the Arab population with British bayonets is unthinkable. But what other alternative is there than union? This cultural union of Arab and Jew not merely in Palestine, but with the aid of an Islamic cultural centre at the heart of the Empire, is a thing greatly to be desired. This however leads us to wider political considerations outside the scope of this article, so I shall deal briefly with the Government's civic as distinct from its agricultural policy.

Roads, health and archæology have all been well done. But we must qualify. Man does not live by roads alone, even when they exclusively serve the car. Health is all the better for wise and far-sighted planning, and it cannot be denied that in the Holy Land, since the War, archæology has far outstripped æsthetics. Yet archæology for the average man is a dead thing, while æsthetics, though the word may have no meaning for him, is what he lives by. It is of to-day and of the future. The ugliness that is being imposed on the beauty of Palestine hurts. Those who live there feel it less than those revisiting it after ten years. They see what might have been had more intelligence been applied and a more consistent policy followed.

I used the phrase " the lay out and orderliness of cities." Some of them deserve mention. It may be said that the act of God at Nablus, in the 1927 earthquake, or at Tiberias, in the flood of 1932, when over 50 people were drowned owing to the cloud burst that deluged the town came to the aid of the engineers responsible for the new thoroughfares. There was no justification for destroying the Crusader gateway at the former, and some of the curves of the new streets in Tiberias which ennoble the old town might have been made with more feeling. But the work is good. At Ghaza, the city one knew fifteen years ago is transformed. A broad street has been driven through the lovely khan, so that a typical group of mosque khan and hammam has in effect been destroyed. True, the Turks began it. But we, instead of wisely correcting, merely followed Turkish iconoclastic methods. We could have shown a better way. Ghaza contains some of the most beautiful monuments of Islam. To the people of Ghaza one could wish in regard to them more reverence and less fanaticism. British leadership would bring more conviction did it give evidence of this in town planning as well as in archæology.

Tel Aviv, though it contains a number of good houses, is a nightmare. It is a town in a frightful hurry. It has no intelligible plan, and it has been called " a monument of misdirected energy." There is no denying its vitality. It has the sort of ruthless, aimless activity one has seen in the American Middle West; but when one has noted a few dozen Frank Lloyd Wright houses standardized through German factories with their horizontal lines and their boxed concrete balconies, they become boring. There is a straightforward and rather brutal honesty about this town, where everybody appears to be gambling in site values, which one accepts because for the moment the thousands have to be housed, but one asks " What does the town itself really connote? "

As for Haifa, the other and greater town, it may be thankful for the one little bit of quiet traditional German

street planning leading up to the noble Garden Tomb of the Bahai. The lovely heights of Carmel as one knew them in 1918 no longer exist. Most of the woodland has been cut down for the sake of houses densely packed together. The City Engineer and the energetic Town Planning Commission are doing their best, under the able leadership of their district commissioner, to save what is left of the lower portions of the town and in the reclamation of the foreshore, but Carmel itself is gone.

If our object as a Mandatory Power is to build up a third rate Levantine civilization, dominated by immediate commercial interests, and entirely secular in spirit, we are going the right way to work. Hence there is much to be said for the definite appointment of a whole time technical town planning officer in Palestine, whose job it should be to look after civic amenities in relation to ancient buildings, and who not only has the necessary powers, but also the necessary feeling for history and landscape. Palestine is full of ancient buildings and rare landscape, and the history of Palestine is vital to civilization. The engineer, however excellent his work, and in Palestine his roads are of the best, is not trained to handle ancient buildings. He wants them out of the way, and he regards the amenities of the city and its religious symbolism as being the job of others. In Palestine this job has been left to the haphazard of municipal enterprise. Sometimes it works, more often it does not.

I spoke of the want of consistency in the Administration's policy. The Holy City is the symbol of what Palestine should stand for. That was the original idea. There was a well-conceived plan for the city's protection and development in the interest of the whole world, a plan worked out by the matured thought of at least four town planners of standing; but its achievement has been hampered by laws which over-value private to the detriment of public interests and thus encourage speculation and graft. Under the guise of

an honest policy that conscientiously believes itself to be protecting private property rights the Administration is allowing its own excellent plans and ordinances to be defeated in ways which, unless checked in time, can never be made good. The ancient city is neither as clean nor as well kept as it was. It looks neglected. Cars, even heavy lorries, are allowed into its tangled narrow suks and must inevitably destroy them. Cars should be kept outside. Proper parking places, so greatly needed now, would have been ready to hand had the original plan been adhered to. In the new city some of the good lines of the original lay out have been kept. There are many excellent buildings, and certainly two architectural masterpieces. But the gardens and open spaces planned in the early days have not been carried out and those actually made have been neglected and allowed to go to pieces. The trees planted in the streets have not been properly cared for, and in many districts there is needless overcrowding. The threat now is to the Mount of Olives. One does not wish it to go the way of Carmel and be handed over to unregulated building speculation. A conscientious official on the central Town Planning Committee, when appealed to, said despairingly, " We are powerless, the law does not help us, and not a single piece of land has been given to us in Palestine for amenities—Yes, one tiny bit on Carmel, given by an English lady, for the sake of its beauty ! " But why should we expect gifts, when order is our plain duty? When we look more closely into these matters it is folly, especially in an Oriental country, to leave them to the haphazard of private enterprise, especially where the law encourages building speculation which a well meaning but bewildered municipality is unable to control.

It is not too late to save what is left of the work of the Town Planning Commission established by Sir Herbert Samuel, and when the new Ordinances come into force there may be more hope. But little will be done until a more intelligent basis for valuations is arrived at, and

until the Jews are more ready to co-operate with the Moslems and the Christians who appear now to be at one on this matter. "Let definite lines be laid down," said one of the leading Latin Christians recently, who had given the best of his life to the Holy City, "on which the Municipality, in whom the trust is now vested, shall act so as to conform to the Administration's plan. Then ask the High Commissioner to enforce it. He alone can. He has twice before taken prompt and effective action; once with the Holy Sepulchre, and once with Bethlehem." For the civilized world to permit the City of Jerusalem to be destroyed at its vital points because ways have not yet been found for getting the law to function in the interest of the community is unthinkable. Having once embarked on a wise and far-sighted course it is the plain duty of the Mandatory power to carry it through.

The fatalism at present observable must be checked. When a criticism was recently made that building contrary to Ordinance was permitted on the Mount of Olives, and steel structures allowed in the Valley of Mes, that would in a few years hide some of the finest view points and hopelessly vulgarize the Holy City, one of the leading officials, himself manfully grappling with administrative difficulties, gave the pessimistic reply: "What are we to do? Nobody really cares for the walls of Jerusalem . . ." and then he added, qualifying, "except in a sentimental sense." The qualification disposes of the untruth. Western Civilization, including Islam and Jewry, cares very much for the walls of Jerusalem, and such official fatalism is tantamount to admitting that enough thought has not yet been given to the matter.

But the moment is auspicious. There is at present a solidarity between Christian and Moslem. Its mood is not anti-Jewish, but is all for a maintenance of the joint cultural tradition, and for resistance to the present needless and destructive industrialization. "Let the secular, the commercial-minded Jew, do what he likes

with Tel Aviv, but let us at least save the Holy City for the idealist." That is the appeal. This opinion is widely held. One hears it from Jewish lips also. It is best stated by the American philosopher, Professor Hocking of Harvard. Appealing for a broader handling of the larger issue, he says: "Let Great Britain serve herself as she may within the greater interest; but let her act first as an honest Mandatory. Let her put off her weak acquiescence in the trend of industrialization. Let her *retard* the inevitable changes of an intrusive modernity, adjusting their pace to the awakening needs of the people. . . . The two enemies of Peace in the Holy Land are fanaticism and fear. The movement of the modern spirit within all creeds is having for one of its beneficent effects the gradual melting of fanaticism without argument. . . . If there is to be peace within the gates of Jerusalem . . ." and then he makes an appeal likewise to the Jews.

It is in many ways a tragedy that Jerusalem was made the capital rather than Ramleh. We have to accept the fact. Yet the Holy City stands; and as men see it in its actual beauty it is more Moslem and Christian than Jewish. Nor can it be rightly envisaged from London alone. We must now in every possible way strengthen the hands of the High Commissioner in stemming the industrial pressure that is damaging and degrading it. Under altered conditions he is seeking to restore the work of the men, some of whom have now passed away, who laid down the nobler lines for the City's post-War development and wise conservation.

The Author who won't Grow Up

By Horace Thorogood

THERE has been a curious slump in the reputation of J. M. Barrie. He is certainly not to the taste of these days. Why? One knows that reversals of fortune are among the common liabilities of popular authors. Arnold Bennett, for instance—nothing remains of the great influence he wielded only a little while ago. The blaze of interest in D. H. Lawrence has burnt out. Tomlinson gets a cool eye. The Conrad cult has worn thin. But Barrie has had the exceptional experience of being almost hounded out of his high place, with hoots and jeers. He is seldom mentioned except with a sneer—a sneer that is half snarl, as if there were something about Barrie peculiarly abhorrent to the mind of this generation. Even his personality is attacked. His shyness and avoidance of publicity are declared to be nothing but a pose, cunningly designed to attract the attention he pretends to shun.

All this gnashing of teeth and biting of thumbs suggests that there is that in Barrie which confounds his disparagers by persisting in keeping his end up. He refuses to be assassinated! Sniped at from "Diaries," "Logs" and Gossip columns, he still lives.

To me, to whom the name of Barrie has nothing but pleasant associations, the hostility has been a puzzle. When I was young, Barrie was "one of the boys" of the literary village. Everybody rejoiced without shame in his "Window in Thrums," "My Lady Nicotine" and "When a Man's Single." I went with all the town to the Barrie plays of the pre-war period—"Little Mary," "The Admirable Crichton," "Quality Street" and "What Every Woman Knows," and the annual visit to "Peter Pan" was as much a treat for me as it was for my children. Then, during the war years and just after, Barrie gave us three plays which I remember chiefly because they touched a plane of more decent feeling than was common in that time of coarse passions. They were

"A Kiss for Cinderella," "Dear Brutus" and "Mary Rose."

There was a good deal to be grateful for in that record.

But since I have been refreshing my memory by re-reading several of the novels and plays, the modern scorn of Barrie puzzles me less. I see that two of the most conspicuous features in his work are quite out of sympathy with ideas of life and art fashionable to-day —his sentimentalism and his ideal of woman. We have been passing through a definitely anti-sentimental age, and as for woman, the Barrie ideal looks now as odd as a pre-war hat. But these things would not make anybody angry if there were not in the air an apprehensive feeling that we really are a sentimental people after all, that the campaign against sentiment is a losing fight; and if, with regard to woman, something in their bones did not warn the critics that, however much she has improved her position and invaded man's territory, they may have mistaken those things for a fundamental change which has not, in fact, occurred.

So Barrie, the sentimentalist, may be right after all, and if Barrie is right, how wrong they are! I think that has much to do with the heat of the feeling against him. He stands like a denial which will not give way to argument.

I would not contend that Barrie is a very important figure in literary or dramatic history. He has exercised a gentle influence, an amusing charm. But some of him will last. I think "Peter Pan" is in our literature for good. It is a fairy tale that has been absorbed into our lore like "Cinderella" and "Jack and the Beanstalk." The children have accepted it, and that makes it safe. But the novels are already dead, except, perhaps, "A Window in Thrums," which was really all Barrie had to say about Thrums. "The Little Minister," "Sentimental Tommy," and "Tommy and Grizel" were blown-out variations on the same theme, written in a perfect delirium tremens of sentimentalism. One of the works

that I re-read was "Tommy and Grizel." What a detestable young prig Tommy was! Yet his author admired him. He was supposed to have such a way with the women. It was on a par with the cunning of a commercial traveller having a success with a chambermaid.

And Grizel, Barrie's picture of the noblest type of womanhood, was false in every stoke.

"I love you so much," she is made to tell Tommy, "that I carry my love in my face for all to read. They cannot see me meet you without knowing the truth; they cannot hear me say your name but I betray myself; I show how I love you in every movement; I am full of you; how can anyone look at me and not see you?"

That was published in 1900, when the women's revolt that culminated in the suffragette riots was brewing beneath the surface. Women were preparing to demonstrate that they were not content to go on being regarded as sacred ninnies for men to throw emotional soap-fits about. Grizel, meekly adjusting her neck as a comfortable foot-rest for Tommy, was a bad "howler" on Barrie's part. He was not much nearer the mark with the men of his novels, who were really the flabbiest of sensualists mistaken by their author for strong characters. In fact, all these Thrums people were too soft to be interesting for long. The English people, being even more sentimental in their sobriety than the Scots are in their cups, gave them a warmer welcome than Barrie's own countrymen did, but they tired in time, when the romantic make-up began to run through overwork down the faces of the uncouth mummers.

Barrie himself probably realized that he had overdone it. He abandoned both Thrums and the novel after "Tommy and Grizel" and devoted himself to plays.

Here he was much more successful as an artist. His vivid sense of the theatre corrected his tendency to let emotional idealization run away with him. Restricted to dialogue and action, he sub-edited away much of his

sentimental maunderings. He was compelled to break from the obliging atmosphere of Thrums and test his ideas against the general experience of life. And in such plays as "The Admirable Crichton" (1903), "The Twelve Pound Look" (1910), "A Kiss for Cinderella" (1916), "Dear Brutus" (1917) and "Mary Rose" (1920), he did work of much stronger fibre. "Crichton" and "Dear Brutus" still appeal, for the ideas behind them are eternally true and of eternal importance, and are presented with excellent art. These plays will probably live on for many years.

"Peter Pan" was produced in 1904. As a written story it would never have succeeded in "putting over" the characteristic whimsies of which it is compact, but in the fairy-tale world which Barrie so skilfully created for them on the stage they seem natural and proper. His literary weakness was his dramatic strength. The play lives as every work of art lives into which a fine artist has poured the essence of himself.

There are two other works of Barrie which victoriously survive—"My Lady Nicotine" and "When a Man's Single." These are purely subjective creations, dependant on the play of a unique turn of humour on two popular topics. As with all genuine humorists, Barrie's success lay in projecting a sympathetic caricature of himself into the book; as Mark Twain did, as Leacock and Wodehouse do. It was this gift of caricature that was so invaluable to him as a dramatist. The art of the caricaturist is to express his characters more fully than they can themselves. He makes them "untrue to life" in the sense that they are truer than "life," for in "life" we are only permitted to go some way towards being ourselves in this and that direction and then to stop. The caricaturist leads us along those directions to the end: his sketch is an extension to the full of the character that "life" leaves incomplete, which is why the good caricature seems more like the man than the man is in the flesh.

But the caricaturist must extend lines of character

which "life" has already begun; it is the continuation of something already begun which makes the caricature recognizable. The "real life" originals (in "The Admirable Crichton") of the Earl of Loamshire, with his "Radical" views about equality which had no substance or sincerity because his mind was only a cheap imitation of a mind; and of Crichton, the butler, with *his* views about equality; would be very dull people. Barrie supplies the situation that leads the Earl into the intellectual destitution from which "life" defended it, and translates Crichton's sense of inequality into a kind of action which "life" would have made for ever impossible. The desert island, with social values as they had measured them reversed, making the servant master and the master servant, set all the characters free to act themselves out. By the neatness of the situation invented, its humorous fitness for these extensions of character, we recognize in Barrie the born dramatist.

Indeed, if he had died in, say, 1921, a year after the production of "Mary Rose," no voice would have been lifted except in his praise.

Politics have had something to do with the revulsion of feeling. England went off sentiment about the same time as she went off gold, and Barrie was to sentiment rather like what the pound sterling was to gold. The social climate changed. Two severe, and several minor, economic crises frost-bit us, especially the classes which take a keen interest in literature and the drama. Poverty and depression, with a weary prospect of struggle ahead, diverted taste from romance to realism. We glutted ourselves on D. H. Lawrence because the bilgy reek that flavoured the works of that earnest phallic-worshipper stimulated our depressed appetites. Joyce's speak-easy did a roaring trade. T. S. Eliot picked the beauty off the bones of poetry and persuaded us to admire a skinny muse. We homed in flats instead of houses, cut out families because children were a bore, and preferred bare walls to pictures.

And there was Barrie cropping up every Christmas to irritate the grim spirit of the times with his "boy who wouldn't grow up," and his Wendy-ideal of motherhood, and his persistent suggestion that "the fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings"—so opposed to modern doctrine. Evidently, too, he had suborned the children, as one could see by their delight in the play, and the way they saw to it that they were provided with thimbles to rain upon the stage as tokens of their belief in fairies. Then, very occasionally, Barrie would make a speech, like the one on "Courage" to the students of St. Andrews, which so annoyed the enemy by the stir it made that they started the story that Barrie's avoidance of publicity was a carefully-calculated stunt to keep the spotlight hunting for him.

It seems to me that only the misgiving that the foundations of the British character are, after all, composed of, those qualities of faith and kindliness and cheerful service to which Barrie, for all his sentimentalizing, bore sound artistic testimony, can account for the bad temper of his detractors. The sourness engendered by the war and the post-war troubles is working its way out of us. The old standards are rising again and the people are re-forming round them. Sentiment returns. We got very sentimental over the Silver Jubilee. And perhaps we are remembering that our soldiers in the war had the reputation of being very "Sentimental Tommies." In fact, the British people always will be at heart sentimental. Barrie will probably live down the abuse of him quite comfortably. I should not be surprised to see him taking the stage again with another play, as Barrie-ish as ever, yet throwing on these present times a beam of surprising truth from the oblique angle of the caricaturist, so that people will cry, "How fresh! How new!"

The Rising of the Brassmen*

By Lt.-Col. Sir Henry Galway, K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE international scramble for Africa was in full swing in the seventies of the last century, and in 1880 French firms established several trading stations on the lower Niger. These firms were, needless to say, backed by their Government. For many years previous to this date British firms had been trading on the rivers East and West of the Niger, these rivers being connected with each other, and with the Niger, by a network of creeks. About the time of the French firms' establishment on the Niger a young Royal Engineer officer appeared on the scene. His name was George Goldie-Taubman, afterwards Sir George Goldie. This officer conceived, and put into practice, the idea of amalgamating British interests as far as possible in one big Company. From this conception arose the United African Company, established in 1879, a combination which proved more than a match for its French competitors, resulting in the British Company buying out the French firms in 1884, and thus securing a monopoly of the Niger trade, so that at the Berlin Conference on West Africa, in 1895, Goldie was able to announce that the British flag alone flew on the Lower Niger.

Goldie had no intention of confining the Company's operations to trading pure and simple. His chief object was to obtain for his Company administrative control over the areas in which trading was carried on, and by degrees to extend those areas as opportunity offered. The policy of adding to our Colonial possessions was not a popular one in Downing Street in those early days of African exploitation, but a man of Goldie's determination and acumen was bound to win through in the long run. In 1885, six years after the establishment of the United

* In compiling this article I have been greatly helped by having by me a copy of the paper, Africa, No. 3 (1896) : " Report by Sir John Kirk on the Disturbances at Brass."

African Company, a British Protectorate was formed of the territories comprising the Niger Delta, under the name of the Oil Rivers Protectorate, stretching from the Colony of Lagos on the West to the Rio del Rey on the East and running inland for about 350 miles. For some six years the British Government was represented in the new territories by a single official, a Vice-Consul, with headquarters at Old Calabar (now Calabar) on the extreme East of the Protectorate. The position occupied by this representative of British power was far from being an enviable one, seeing that his only opportunity of visiting the outlying districts of the Protectorate lay in the occasional visits of British warships. To what extent the Vice-Consul could take advantage of such visits depended to a great degree on the time the Commander of the particular vessel could, under his itinerary, remain in Protectorate waters. To put it briefly, the position of the Crown's representative was more or less a sedentary one, except for the belated opportunities he was given of " showing the flag " when taking passage for short periods in one of H.M. ships. It can therefore be imagined that the control exercised by the official in question, over an area of about 60,000 square miles, was obviously futile, not to say Gilbertian. Here was a man, invested with considerable powers, if only he could exercise them, spending no small part of his time scanning the reach of the Calabar River running below his quarters, wondering when he would next see the White Ensign fluttering from the poop of a man-of-war. Empire building in those days had its humorous side. The most notable of the few men who adorned, or otherwise, the Vice-Consulate, was Sir Harry Johnston, the well-known administrator, artist, and writer. Those who had the good fortune to know Johnston could hardly picture him sitting down at Calabar hoping for the best; and of course they were right in their judgment of the man. Johnston made the best of a heart-breaking job, and, as far as possible with the craft (canoes) at his

disposal, made himself acquainted with the countries bordering both banks of the Cross and Calabar Rivers. He made several canoe journeys up these waterways, and the account of one journey in particular, amusingly described by himself, makes most interesting reading.

In 1886, the year following the establishment of the Oil Rivers Protectorate, a Royal Charter was granted to Goldie's Company, which changed its name to the Royal Niger Company. This Charter gave the Company administrative control over the territories bordering on the lower Niger for some 250 miles from Lokoja to the sea. Thus a wedge was driven into the Protectorate over which the gentleman sitting at Old Calabar had no control. The Company lost no time in forming an armed constabulary, commanded by British officers. This military force, to call it by its proper name, could be transported to any point on the river by means of steam launches and other river craft. The possession of such a force was a *sine quâ non* for the exercise of effective control.

Ever since I gave the matter thought, I have considered the wisdom of granting a trading Company administrative rights to be a debatable point, especially in cases where the Imperial Government exercises control over the adjoining territories. When, however, the Royal Niger Company obtained its charter, the control wielded East and West of the lower Niger was practically negligible, for reasons already given. It may be, therefore, that the granting of the charter was a case of Hobson's choice, the object being to ensure that a portion at least of the new Protectorate should be under active political control, and there is no doubt that the foresight and administrative ability of Sir George Goldie resulted in an immense extent of territory being secured to the British Crown. It is well worthy of record that when Goldie applied for a charter, his agents on the Niger had negotiated more than 400 political treaties with the Chiefs of the lower Niger and of the Hausa States

north of Lokoja. These treaties were no doubt the trump card by which he gained his charter.

Goldie could worthily claim to be the Founder of Nigeria, and as such he is recognized, even when we remember the conspicuous part played by others, more especially by Lord Lugard, in building on the foundation so ably laid. It was Goldie's ability alone which prevented the success of the constant endeavours between 1885 and 1891, of both France and Germany to obtain spheres of influence in the Niger Delta. Goldie was an Empire builder in the true sense of that term. He was of the Cecil Rhodes type, but without Rhodes's wealth. So long as the Royal Niger Company retained its charter, so long did Goldie handle the helm with conspicuous ability. When, however, the Company lost its Charter, on the 1st January, 1900, Goldie had finished the work he loved, and had done, so well. At the time I felt convinced it was a great blow to him when the charter was forfeited. Somehow or other, for I knew Sir George fairly well, I doubt whether he ever quite got over the disappointment, feeling, as I am certain he did, that the main task of his life, one in which he actually revelled, had come to an abrupt end whilst he was still able to con the ship with the remarkable ability he had invariably displayed. Among the many illustrious pioneers who paved the way for British rule in West Africa none will stand higher than the man who first founded, and afterwards guided, the Royal Niger Company. On that roll are included such names as Mungo Park, the Landers. Denham, Clapperton, Barth, and MacGregor Laird, a truly noble band of intrepid Empire builders.

The futility of pretending to administer vast territories through the person of a single official, more or less immobilized, with no means of enforcing his demands, appears to have dawned upon the Government somewhere about 1889, when Major (afterwards Sir Claude) MacDonald was sent on a mission to the lower Niger to report on conditions generally. The outcome of this

mission was his appointment in 1891 as Commissioner and Consul-General of the Oil Rivers Protectorate (subject to the Foreign Office), together with several Deputy Commissioners and other officials. I happened to be one of the former. It is not within the scope of this article to describe the progress made by the new administration, but I might mention that the name Oil Rivers Protectorate was changed to Niger Coast Protectorate in 1893, and again to Southern Nigeria in January 1st, 1900. This latter name was adopted during the régime of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at the Colonial Office, on the occasion when the Royal Niger Company forfeited its charter and the Company's territories came under the administration of the Governments of Southern Nigerian and the newly-formed Northern Nigerian Protectorates, the two Protectorates, North and South, being placed under the Colonial Office. It was the master-mind of Mr. Chamberlain which quickly saw the weak spots in the system of dual control existing in the Southern Protectorate ever since the Royal Niger Company possessed a charter. It did not take Mr. Chamberlain long to see what a valuable acquisition a larger Nigeria would be to the British Crown; and how right he was!

It was obvious that the dual control in government already referred to over the Company's territories and those of the Protectorate proper constituted a dangerous anomaly. As a case in point: it was unfortunate for the Brass people that they were not included in the areas which came under the rule of the Company, as it meant they were "foreigners," so far as the rules and regulations of the Company were concerned. Before the advent of the Company the Brassmen had traded freely in the lower Niger from time immemorial. The coming of the white man, in the shape of the Company, changed all this. It is not to be wondered at that the people of Brass were at a loss to understand the why and wherefore of these drastic changes, especially as they had been reminded from time to time that the establishment of the

Oil Rivers Protectorate Government would prove to be to their greatest advantage. What these simple folk could not grasp in particular was why the Protectorate Government, with "The Great White Queen" at its back, could not step in and redress their genuine grievance against the Company. There is no doubt that this dual control, especially where Brass was concerned, was the very devil, causing, as it did for many years, the lowering of the prestige of the British Government in the eyes of the Brass people. It is difficult to guess what was in the minds of those in authority when they set up this miserable system. The men on the spot were helpless even to begin to try to explain to the wondering and exasperated Brassmen why it was quite equitable and in the right order of things that their markets should be taken away from them. I do not for a moment defend the Brassmen for the mad action they eventually took, but I was in a position at the time fully to understand why they were driven to desperation by what they reasonably considered was unjust treatment at the hands of the white man. The Brassmen were, and are, traders, and nothing else. The markets in the lower Niger, from which they were practically excluded, except under prohibitive charges, had been the source from which they and their forebears had always gained their livelihood.

Let me give an idea of what the new system meant to the Brass. Being now a "foreigner" in the eyes of the Company, before he could trade in his old hunting grounds he had to take out the following licences: (1) A general Trading licence costing £50; (2) A Spirit licence costing £100; and (3) a licence costing £10 for each separate port at which he wished to trade. In all, a minimum annual charge of £160. This is history, not fiction. Talk about the last straw breaking the camel's back! These licences, however, were only the first, though formidable, straws under which the wretched trader staggered. I am not aware that any Brassman took out the licences referred to, but, supposing that one had, his first duty on entering

the forbidden waters was to call at one of the Company's Customs stations and there declare all the goods he was taking into the lower river. On all specific articles (spirits, tobacco, etc.), he had to pay duty. Further, when leaving the river he had again to call at a Customs station and there declare what he was taking out of the Company's territories, i.e. the goods he had purchased at the markets. On these goods he was called upon to pay an export duty of twenty per cent. of their value. To add to the poignancy of the Brass trader's position, in addition to the import dues he was called upon to pay the Company, he had in the first instance purchased his trade goods from the European traders in the Brass River, on which goods those traders had paid the specific duties in force in the Protectorate. Consequently on such goods the Brass trader was paying duty twice over. There was no end to his woes. In short, the Brassmen did not know where they stood, and no wonder. Looking at the position created by the granting of the charter, without partiality, favour or affection, the Brassmen had a very strong case. There is no getting away from it. The more civilized stranger steps in and says: "You people shall no longer trade in the markets which have been yours for a great number of years unless you comply with the rules and regulations we may see fit to lay down." You only needed a superficial acquaintance with the people of Brass to see at once that the licences demanded were prohibitive. All this took place forty years ago, but I still fail to see the wisdom of the policy which required the payment of these annual licences. Clearly the Company aimed at getting as big a revenue as possible. At the same time, it goes without saying that the greater the number of people who traded in the Company's territories, the better it was for the revenue. Apart from the licences referred to, quite a considerable sum would have been secured from the import and export duties alone. Why it was deemed necessary to levy a lump sum of £160 from each trader every year in addition to those duties,

it is difficult to hazard a guess. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. It is not surprising that the poor Brassmen were at their wits' end to know how they were to gain their livelihood. It is worthy of note that the penalty for trading without a licence (i.e. smuggling) was no less then £500.

The only alternative to licensed trading was smuggling, against which was this heavy penalty. Looking at all the facts of the case, could anyone blame the Brass people for smuggling? It was the obvious course to adopt. But defying the Company's laws was a very dangerous expedient and the offenders came off second best, as the Company's armed launches patrolled the waters of the lower Niger, and any canoe which failed to stop when hailed was fired upon. This meant there were many cases where canoes were fired upon and lives lost, thus adding to the natives' exasperation. In commenting on the hardships suffered by the Brassmen under the somewhat severe rule of the Niger Company, one does not forget that the Company's rules and regulations, being what they were, had been issued with the full approval of Her Majesty's Government. It is therefore not easy to see how those regulations could have been carried out without recourse to force when the occasion demanded. Such argument naturally appeals to the civilized white man, but could hardly be expected to carry much weight with the semi-civilized, illiterate Brassmen. However, the worm will turn, as it did in this instance. At long last the patience of the Brass people broke and the fat was in the fire!

The decision to attack Akassa, the headquarters of the Niger Company, situated on the right bank of the river at the Nun mouth, was taken during the last days of January, 1895. The establishment at Akassa was extensive, covering a large area of ground, consisting of dwelling houses, barracks, warehouses, and a repairing yard with its machine shops, etc. The Company employed a large number of hands in addition to the Constabulary. The

warehouses were always well stocked with goods of every sort for trading purposes, and also with various products purchased from the native traders. It can be imagined that the Brassmen had a rich harvest in sight, should their attack succeed. There is every evidence to point to the fact that the attack had been contemplated for a long time. In fact, after it had taken place, Bishop Tugwell, who had spent his life among the natives of the Delta, stated that the Brass people had given effect to a long-cherished plan when they attacked Akassa. The melancholy truth of the matter is that the attack having been so often threatened, the officials of both the Protectorate Government and the Company had come to look upon the threats as mere boastful expressions of anger which were not likely to materialize. Such an excuse was paltry, to say the least of it, but it is the only explanation that can be given as to how a long organized attack could have been carried out without the knowledge of the responsible officer at Brass, or without the European traders in the river having any suspicions. By a mere coincidence the officer in charge at Brass had formerly been in the employ of the Niger Company, and had, in fact, commanded the Company's Constabulary for a short period. He was therefore peculiarly well-placed in view of what might arise at any time out of the relations existing between the Company and the Brass people. He had had a unique opportunity, had he so wished, to study the situation from both the target and firing-point. Had he been worthy of the position he held, he would obviously have acted on the safe side and reported to headquarters the rumours that were rife, when a force would have been despatched to act as the occasion demanded. The official in question happened to go on leave a few days before the attack was launched. The officer who succeeded him, and who had never been in Brass before, was given no inkling that anything untoward was in the wind. A few days after he took over he received an anonymous letter (on January 27th) begging him to take steps to prevent an

attack that was to be made on Akassa in a day or two. This officer had neither troops nor police at his disposal, and his only interpreter was far from being reliable. The position in which he found himself was most unenviable, and it is satisfactory to know that Sir John Kirk, the Commissioner appointed to report on the affair, was able to exonerate the officer in question from all blame in regard to what took place. Situated as he was, this officer treated the anonymous letter as an idle tale, never even telegraphing the fact of its receipt to his Chief at Old Calabar. He did, however, at once send on the letter, quite in a formal manner, to the Agent-General of the Niger Company at Akassa, some twenty miles distant. The letter reached that official some time on January 28th. The Agent-General took a more serious view of the matter, but at the same time could not bring himself to believe that an attack in force by the Brassmen was very likely, although he thought it not improbable that an attempt might be made to damage the Company's property. He accordingly mounted a quick-firing gun at the head of the landing stage, thus commanding the outlet of the Brass creek on the opposite bank of the river, about three-quarters of a mile distant. Further, the Agent-General ordered steam to be got-up on one of the several craft, in order to keep a careful watch on the said creek, as it was through that waterway the Brassmen would come if an attack took place.

Cannibalism, as a sacrifice to their native gods, has from time immemorial been a religious rite with the Brass and neighbouring people. Implicit faith is placed in the efficacy of such sacrifices. At the time the attack on Akassa was decided upon, an epidemic of small-pox was raging, a not uncommon occurrence before compulsory vaccination was instituted some years later by the Southern Nigeria Government. The existence of the epidemic was taken as an appropriate call to launch the attack. The so-called fetish priests, for want of a better term, were appealed to. These luminaries, ardently

backed up by the aged dames of the community, urged that the epidemic could only be brought to an end by means of human sacrifices, and that this fact clearly pointed to the necessary victims being obtained from their enemies, the Niger Company. So was the momentous decision arrived at.

The attack having been decided upon, all but the actual date, a long time previously, all details as to strategy and tactics had been clearly agreed upon. It only remained for the order " Carry on " to be given. It was calculated at the time that about 2,000 men took part in the raid. Fifty war-canoes accommodated the attacking party. The men were well-armed with Snider rifles and percussion guns, whilst each canoe was fitted with blunderbusses, fixed on the gunwhales on each side of the canoes, about ten feet apart. These weapons when fired have a very wide spread. On top of the powder charge were placed bullets of various sizes, nails, bolts, and pieces of metal. Each canoe too carried a couple of muzzle-loading cannon, mounted in the bow and stern. On gala occasions a parade of war-canoes is an impressive sight: flags flying, the beating of tom-toms, and the singing of the paddlers. On this occasion dead silence was the order of the day, or rather of the night, until the actual attack took place, and the tom-toms were beaten harder than they had ever been before.

On the night of the 28th January, 1895, the flotilla of war-canoes set forth from Nimbe (the chief town), and silently made its way down the Brass River, keeping close under the mangroves on the right bank, thus being invisible in the darkness from the Vice-Consulate and factories on the opposite bank. Luck attended the attacking party, for when they reached the outlet of the creek opposite the Company's premises a thick mist overhung the river, thus enabling the canoes to take advantage of the last of the ebb tide and, still clinging to the mangroves, to creep down-river unobserved by the guard boat, until they reached the open Niger mouth at dawn. The flotilla was now so placed that it was not

commanded by the quick-firer which had been posted the day before at the head of the Company's landing-stage. The Brassmen, having taken up a very favourable position without anyone ashore being the wiser, held a commanding advantage. All that they had long planned worked without a hitch. The Agent-General never for a moment thought that the canoes could possibly debouch from the creek without being seen by the guard-boat. It was only the heavy morning mist that allowed the Brassmen to do the impossible. Luck was with them that day, which fact, according to their argument, meant that their gods approved of the action they were taking. The timing of the arrival of the flotilla at the mouth of the Niger could not have been bettered.

The attack was launched at cock-crow, which I believe is the correct name for earliest dawn. The Company was taken more or less entirely by surprise, nearly everybody being still asleep. Before the majority of the employees had realized what was taking place, the Brassmen had landed and overrun the Company's "beach," killing and destroying and looting as they went. Needless to say, panic reigned supreme. About twenty-five of the employees were killed and their heads carried away to Nimbe as trophies. This gruesome custom is common among the Pagan tribes of West Africa, and is not entirely unknown among the non-Pagan communities. Sixty-eight captives were carried off, with almost the certainty of adorning the menu of a cannibal feast. Enormous damage was done to the Company's premises. In short, the place was sacked. Considerable loot was secured, consisting of trade goods of every possible kind, arms and ammunition, spirits, tobacco, furniture and fittings of all sorts. In the repair shops, where the machines were too heavy to move or were fastened to the floor, the more delicate parts were removed. The Brassmen knew their job. All the Company's records and accounts were destroyed. In fact, the Brassmen had their fill of vengeance.

A sorry tale, especially when one realizes that the

whole conspiracy might have been nipped in the bud had the officer in charge at Brass (the one who went on leave) been in close touch with the people he was deputed to govern, and had he possessed a modicum of gumption. After the machine-gun had been put out of action, the Agent-General and the Doctor escaped up-river in the guard-boat, thinking that all their companions and employees had been killed. The Agent-General was placed in a most trying position, for so fierce was the attack and so great the number of the Brassmen that to have remained meant certain death. Knowing the animosity of the Brassmen as he did, the main mistake made by the Agent-General was, I think, in not treating the anonymous letter more seriously. Had he done so, he could have given the invaders a reception they would never have forgotten. The anonymous letter was received by the Agent-General twenty-one hours before the attack took place. That official had at his disposal six or seven steam craft, but, as already stated, only one of those boats had steam up. It was unfortunate, to say the least, of it, that the Agent-General did not, on receiving the letter, assemble all hands in the main and adjoining buildings instead of leaving them in the many buildings scattered over a large area. Had this been done, the attack would have been repelled with considerable losses to the Brassmen, and probably with not very serious losses on the Company's side. However, it is very easy to be wise after the event; or, to put it more fairly, playing cricket from the tent is a simple matter.

The unfortunate prisoners taken by the Brassmen were conveyed to Nimbe and no less than forty-three of them were slaughtered and eaten. That the other twenty-five did not share the same fate was almost entirely due to a Chief named Warri, a Christian. When the attack on Akassa was definitely decided upon, and when the fetish fraternity had urged that the small-pox epidemic would continue unless all prisoners that might be taken were offered up with the recognized rites, the

Chiefs professing Christianity, headed by Chief Warri, protested and said that they would not participate in the attack if this was done. The attitude adopted by Chief Warri and the others resulted in a very heated discussion. Eventually, in order to placate the opposition, the sacrifice question was allowed to drop without any fixed arrangement having been come to.

On the arrival of the wretched captives at Nimbe, King Koko, the Head of the Brass people, called upon all the Chiefs to hand over their prisoners. This he did at the instigation of the fetish priests. A few of the Christian Chiefs, being afraid of the fetish party, which was by far the stronger of the two, gave up some of their prisoners. Chief Warri, however, among a notable few, absolutely refused to surrender his. This action on Warri's part nearly led to civil war in Nimbe.

In passing I might explain that I have used the term "priests" for want of a better cognomen. The more correct appellation is "Juju men." They are not priests in the accepted sense of that term. Not many years previous to 1895 the Christian party was stronger than their opponents, but many prominent (sic) men who had either been brought-up in the Christian faith, or who had been converted, had gone back to fetishism. Among these latter was King Koko, his reason being that he and many other converts had lost faith in the white man's God, who allowed them to be oppressed and who had permitted their trade, their only means of livelihood, to be taken from them without just cause or reason. No less than eight Chiefs and their followers refused to take part in the cannibal orgies. A prominent part was taken in those orgies by a native named Robert A. This man had been educated in the Isle of Man, where he remained for seven years. He intended to join the Ministry and was a regular communicant at the Protestant church. A Jesuit Father from the lower Niger happened to be on a visit to the Mission at Nimbe when the triumphant Brassmen returned from Akassa. He told me that he had had

a glimpse of the cannibals during the height of their frenzy, and that he saw the native above named dancing round with an arm tied to his arm and a leg to his leg. These gruesome attachments were supposed to add to the strength of the limbs of the individual concerned. The Father considered it wise to leave Nimbe, and came down river by night in a canoe to the European settlement. There is no knowing what semi-civilized natives might not do when under the maddening influence of blood-lust. I eventually learnt that the family and relatives of Robert A. were so disgusted at his conduct that they practically drove him into the bush, where he died an outcast. It is interesting to note that it was ten years since a similar sacrifice had taken place at Nimbe. The twenty-five lucky survivors, whom Chief Warri and others had refused to hand over to King Koko, were surrendered to the Government when the punitive expedition arrived in the Brass River.

I might explain incidentally that the title of King assumed by Koko is somewhat misleading, except in pointing to him as being the Head of the Brass people. When the Oil Rivers Protectorate Government came into being, many Chiefs or Headman called themselves King. They were as thick as leaves in autumn. On gala occasions these imitation potentates usually wore European clothes, quite unconscious of the ridiculous figure the large majority of them cut. The favourite garb was that of either a British Admiral or General. The European traders stocked large quantities of such raiment, which found a ready market. This love for fancy attire was not confined to the bigger men of the community. I have seen natives whose only attire was a waistcoat and a tall hat, sometimes a bowler. The effect created was ludicrous in the extreme, but only to the European, by no means to the wearer and his envious friends.

I must now return to the unfortunate prisoners who were sacrificed.

The day following the attack on Akassa witnesses the

slaughter of the forty-three captives already referred to. The scene chosen for this hecatomb was Sacrifice Island, situated on the flats about a mile below Nimbe. It was never quite clear to me whether this was the recognized name of the Island, or whether that title was given to it when the Island was occupied by the force under Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford shortly after the sacrifice had taken place. It fell to my lot to command the Protectorate troops on that occasion. After landing on the Island, and when one had had time to look round, we were horrified to see that the mangroves surrounding the Island, were decorated with certain parts of the victims. It appears that this ghastly custom is one of the recognised accompaniments of a cannibal orgy. The feast took place at Nimbe under the most revolting circumstances. It would serve no useful purpose to recount further details, but it is worthy of note that the small-pox epidemic came to an end.

No time was lost in equipping an expedition to deal with the Brassmen. Not long after the Akassa episode, the Naval Commander-in-Chief at Simonstown, Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford, arrived in the Brass River with four ships, the Protectorate Force having arrived there some days previously. During the punitive operations, lasting under a week, Nimbe, Big and Little Fishtown, and Twong Town were destroyed, these being the only towns of any importance; and barring Nimbe, none of them were worth writing home about. All the war-canoes were given up, and all cannon destroyed by gun-cotton. The greatest enemy the expedition had to contend with was the climate. A considerable number of bluejackets and not a few Naval officers went down with fever, whilst three officers of the Protectorate Force died of that disease within ten days of the attack on Nimbe. The punishment inflicted on the Brassmen was fairly severe, but I was one of those, and they were not a few, who considered the Brassmen had been let off too lightly considering the circumstances. It must not be forgotten,

however, that the main punishment of the Brassmen was that they were still prohibited from trading in the lower Niger except under prohibitive conditions, a state of affairs which was to continue as long as the Niger Company possessed a charter. The losses sustained by the enemy could not have exceeded more than forty killed with a considerable number wounded. However, it is always difficult when fighting in thick bush to calculate with any degree of accuracy what the actual losses are. The natives are always very clever in carrying away their killed and wounded, and actual casualties can therefore only be guesswork. The losses sustained by the Royal Navy and Protectorate troops were small over and above those who died of fever. The First Lieutenant of the Flag-ship and two bluejackets were killed and four bluejackets wounded in the attack on the Nimbe stockades preparatory to the landing of the force at that town. After that it was pretty plain sailing.

During my twelve years in Nigeria I had the good fortune to take part in several punitive expeditions, two of which were run by the Royal Navy. It was not difficult to see that the sailormen regarded the climate as their most dangerous foe, and very good reason they had for so thinking. In those days the efficacy of quinine as a preventive was not recognized among doctors generally, as it has been since Sir Ronald Ross made his great discovery that malaria could only be conveyed to the human system by the anopheles mosquito. That was in 1898. The result of this difference of opinion among doctors was that many men living in West Africa only took the drug when they had a temperature. There were many exceptions, in which cases those concerned invariably enjoyed better health than their companions who thought otherwise. So bad indeed was the reputation of the climate of the Delta in those days that during the time a warship spent in any of the rivers, the bluejackets were served out with a pint of stout daily, in addition to the dose of quinine. This arrangement was

very popular with the men so long as they did not get fever. The evil effects of the climate were generally felt after the ships left the rivers and put out to sea. After the Benin City expedition of 1897 more than half the ships' companies of Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson's squadron went down with fever.

In May of the same year, 1895, a Special Commission was appointed to inquire into the Disturbances at Brass. The Commissioner was Sir John Kirk, Livingstone's friend and colleague, a man with a great record of work in Africa and one who was well fitted to comprehend the native mind. At the same time, I do not think Sir John had ever before had to deal with cannibals. Tricky people! The Commissioner arrived in Brass early in June and lost no time in conducting his inquiries both at Akassa and Brass. I was told off to be spokesman for the Brassmen. My selection for that duty was chiefly because, previous to the expedition, I had been in no way personally connected with the Brass district, having been for nearly four years in charge of the Benin country on the other side of the River Niger. I was, as it were, the "prisoners' friend," advising the Chiefs and arranging their witnesses before the Commission in groups with a view to simplifying the proceedings. Needless to say, much that was testified to by the Brassmen was denied by the Company, and vice versa. That was only to be expected. Whilst in no way excusing the Brassmen for their misdeeds, the Commissioner in his report said: "I will here only point out that as a payment of £150 annually would be the first step to enable a Brass native to trade legally on the Niger, this alone is an amount that would make trading by individual natives impossible, and would of itself practically exclude them from their old markets on the Niger." That put the Brassmen's grievance against the Company in a nutshell. The Niger Company's explanation of this state of affairs was as stated by the Commissioner, viz.: "All the disabilities under which the Brass people now labour arise, Mr.

Wallace contends, from their having originally been placed outside the jurisdiction of the Company ; for had they been included, he says, not only would they have been exempted, like all other natives in the Company's territories, from licence taxes, but they would also have been free to trade wherever they pleased, and not restricted to the open trade ports as they now are." Such explanation was cold comfort to the Brassmen. It was in no sense their fault that their country was not included in the areas governed by the Company with its charter. Sir John Kirk visited Nimbe and the other towns which had been destroyed during the punitive operations. It was obvious that the Commissioner considered that the Brassmen had got off lightly, having regard to the enormity of their offence. It must be taken into account, however, as I have already pointed out, that the Brass people still remained excluded from their old hunting grounds on the Niger, and so remained for yet another five years. This in itself was a severe punishment. The Commissioner appears to have recognized this fact, as he writes : " The charge brought by the Royal Niger Company against the people of Brass of smuggling, is by them openly admitted. I have shown how impossible it would be for the Brass people to pay taxes and duties to both Administrations and carry on trade at a profit. Under existing conditions they are and must be smugglers if they are to trade at all, for from the New Calabar markets they are excluded by apparently a stronger people. In former times Brass held practically a monopoly of the Niger trade, for the entrance to the Brass mouth is better than that of Akassa, and the Forcados was not then known as a route to the upper river and its markets; but steam-power has altered these conditions, and, apart from artificial rules, Brass can no longer compete with other ports."

What the Commissioner found most difficult to understand was the Brassmen being so well equipped with rifles and percussion guns, which were prohibited under the Brussels Act. The truth was that the Protectorate

Government was not in a position to undertake the somewhat formidable task of disarming the natives until about the year 1900, nor were they able at the time to establish a sufficiently effective preventive service where the smuggling of arms was concerned. The consequence was that large numbers of guns and enormous quantities of ammunition were smuggled into the Protectorate, hence the well-armed condition of the Brassmen. The only remedy was general disarmament. Sir John Kirk, however, in his report stated: "We know as yet little of the tribes and the country they inhabit, and to attempt to disarm the population by any sudden and violent action would end in failure, the ruin of trade and a general rising."

The first definite step towards general disarmament was carried out by the Aro Expedition of 1901-02. The expeditionary columns, working on a fixed plan, operated over an area of about 6,000 square miles. I was Chief Political Officer of the expedition, and the handing-over by the natives of all arms other than flintlocks was my particular job. An enormous number of rifles and percussion guns were destroyed. The variety of rifles was amazing. Among them were Brown Bess, Minié, Enfield, Winchester, Snider, and Martini-Henry. I sent a collection of these weapons to the Tower of London and saw them in a case in the Armoury when I last visited the Tower, in 1913.

I left the Protectorate shortly after the Aro Expedition and have not since revisited Nigeria. Were I to do so, I should no doubt find the people of Brass and their neighbours greatly improved in every sense, and that to the rising generation the cannibal feast of 1895 is but a tale that is told. The process of civilization works wonders illustrating the fact that though the wheels of government grind somewhat slowly, they grind exceedingly small.

What are We doing in China?

By J. O. P. Bland

IN the whole chequered course of our relations with China since the passing of the Manchu dynasty, seldom has there been such a galaxy of British experts, investigators and advisers as that which has recently foregathered, officially and unofficially, in Cathay. Broadly speaking, their presence at Nanking and elsewhere may be attributed to the appeals for financial assistance which, through various channels, have been made by Chiang Kai-shek, appeals which have acquired a new significance and increased urgency as Japan's claims to paramount influence in Far Eastern affairs have become more definitely stated. Confronted by these claims and all that they imply, clearly warned that Japan would strongly object to any attempted solution of China's financial and administrative problems which fails to recognize her own "special interests," Chiang Kai-shek and his colleagues were bound to try and create a diversion, by making overtures for an international loan and to base their chief hopes of success in this direction upon Great Britain. Their line of action, in a position of increasing difficulty, was obviously indicated.

Now, in regard to this matter of a loan, it is not generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that had it not been for the firm stand taken by the Treasury, China's urgently repeated appeals for financial assistance, ably presented and strongly supported in Downing Street, might very possibly have been met by a purely British loan. Herein the Treasury acted wisely, for unless Downing Street has valid reasons (of which the world knows nothing) for assuming that Japan's insistence upon the preponderance of her interests, need not be taken too seriously, it is difficult to imagine that any good purpose could be served at this particular juncture by a policy of official, or semi-official, intervention in the tangled affairs of China. As a policy antecedent to some

definitely concerted international action (to include America) for the maintenance of the Open Door principle, there might possibly be something to be said for it. Unfortunately, all the world knows, and Geneva has proved, that, as times go, such action does not come within the category of practical politics. One may therefore reasonably conclude that the first and most important result likely to follow from our sudden but belated recognition of the importance of Great Britain's interests in the Far East, and our concern for China's precarious state, will be to arouse the suspicions, and to accelerate the forward policy, of the military party and the Pan-Asian patriots in Japan.

It would be interesting, if space permitted, to give the list of British advisers, and the record of their achievements in China from the days of Gordon and Hart to the present time and to point the moral of that melancholy tale. For the purposes of the present survey, however, it is unnecessary to consider any activities in this field other than those of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross and Brig.-General Hammond, respectively. The former, an eminent expert, has gone to China as adviser to the British Embassy, to inquire into the actual financial position and currency problems of the Nanking Government. The latter, accompanied by two officials of the Great Western Railway, is investigating the present condition of China's railway system, at the request of her government, preparatory to advising upon measures for its effective reorganization. Press reports state that General Hammond's report will include a scheme for dealing with the arrears of interest and amortization of existing railway loans, amounting to over twenty millions sterling. Many such reports and schemes have been drawn up by China's foreign advisers (notably the Kemmerer Commission) in recent years, none of which have ever got further than the good intention stage. But whatever the fate of the present investigation, the fact that competent experts have been called in, indicates that the authorities

at Nanking have realized that something in the nature of a settlement of existing arrears must be attempted before they can hope to raise a new loan, either for the political purpose of heading off Japan's intervention, or for the financing of a genuine reconstruction programme.

To neither of these advisory British missions, nor to their purposes, can the fieriest of Japan's Black Dragons reasonably object. Both are calculated to promote those ends which the Japanese Government professes to desire: the unification and financial rehabilitation of China. Even though the statesmen of Dai Nippon are firmly convinced that it is their country's divine mission to restore law and order in China, they can hardly deny the magnitude of Great Britain's vested interests in that unhappy country, and her right to protect them.

Many of their younger and more ardent politicians have no doubt fallen into the same error as the Chinese leaders and regard the deplorable surrender of the Hankow Concession to mob violence in 1927 as a sign and symptom of the British Empire's declining vitality. Small blame to them indeed, if they believe that the Far Eastern policy of the "F.O. School of Thought," as defined by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, voices a national sentiment, disposed to curtail the Empire's commitments by the sacrifice of its interests in China and her dependencies. But the Elder Statesmen of Japan are not likely to misinterpret the real nature and significance of these "adventures in Liberalism," or lightly to assume that the policy of patient conciliation implies a widespread weakening of the national vigour.

To return, however, to the present missions of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross and General Hammond. The future of British interests in the Far East (and with them the future of China) must depend to a very great extent upon two conditions. Firstly, upon the capacity of these expert advisers to recognize certain basic, but delicate, facts of the situation; secondly, upon the readiness of the Chinese Government to modify its conception of

"sovereign rights" and to accept financial assistance and guidance under conditions which would re-establish the supervision and safeguards prescribed by the original railway loans, and thus restore the confidence and security of the bond-holders. These two conditions granted, there is nothing to prevent China's railways—and other important sources of revenue—from becoming again the valuable assets which they were at the beginning of the century. Looking at the matter in the light of all recent experience, however, it is difficult to discover grounds for believing that these conditions are likely to be fulfilled in the immediate future.

The invitation extended to General Hammond by the Chinese Government to examine into the condition of China's railways and submit a scheme for their reorganization, is admittedly intended to pave the way for a scaling down of their existing obligations and, thereafter, for a new international loan. For some years past, China's official propagandists have continually attributed the present parlous condition of the railway lines and rolling-stock to the unforeseen difficulties with which the Government has had to cope—floods, famines, bandits, Communists, and other evils. They have persistently endeavoured to create the impression that, matters having lately improved, it only requires a generous infusion of new capital to restore them to permanent prosperity. The idea of a new loan is attractively decorated with forecasts of large orders for British manufacturers of rolling-stock and equipment. Nevertheless, the basic fact of this railway situation, of which mention is seldom made, remains the same to-day as it was when China first began to default in the payments due, on account of railway loans, to British, French, Belgian and Dutch bond-holders. It is the simple fact that the principal lines built with foreign capital are still earning large profits, and that these profits are being illegally diverted from the service of the loans to other purposes, public and private. Reduced to their simplest

expression, the financial difficulties of China's railways, like those of her army, navy, educational system and organized industries, are a direct result of the all-powerful Chinese family system. They may all be traced back to the fact which a well-known writer has expressed by saying that " it would be a serious lapse on the part of an individual if he let his family suffer in order to serve the State more honestly."

If General Hammond and his advisers, concentrating on technicalities, are disposed to overlook this aspect of the problem; if they allow themselves to be persuaded by well-meaning optimists (as Sir John Jordan was compelled, against his better judgment, to do in 1907) that what has always been will never be again; finally, if their Report embodies proposals for new loans without the essential safeguards, it is safe to predict that the results are bound to be as unprofitable, and in the end as unpleasant, as those of former " reorganization " loans. For in the last resort, everything depends upon the willingness and ability of the men in power to respect the Government's obligations in the handling of the railways' revenues, something wholly inconceivable, under existing conditions, without effective financial supervision.

The pleas and arguments used by China's official propagandists and by their supporters abroad, invariably assume that the Nanking Government is earnestly and successfully striving to introduce new methods of efficiency and honesty into the public service. This being so, we may usefully consider its recent record in the matter of railway finance. On July 20th, 1933, the correspondent of *The Times* at Shanghai telegraphed that—

" the Chinese Government's disregard of their obligations under the railway loans and relative agreements has become so conspicuous that those interested are fast coming to the conclusion that some striking action will be required to ensure recognition of their claims."

He cited, in support of this charge, the diversion of

railway revenues, definitely pledged for the loan service, to provide funds for the extension of the Lunghai line to connect with the Hukuang railway at Pinghsiang. Referring to the proposed further extension of this line to Chinese Turkestan and other "grandiose projects," he observed that—

"in taking wholesale possession of railway revenues solemnly pledged for the redemption of debt, the Government was destroying their credit abroad, without which any serious development of China's railway system is quite impracticable. By their indifference to all remonstrances, the authorities had created the conviction that they had come to regard the monumental debts of the railways as a legacy of the past, for which they have little or no responsibility."

Such being the case, it is not easy to imagine the line of argument by which they propose to convince Sir Frederick Leith-Ross or General Hammond that the service of any new loan is likely to be treated with less disrespect.

For, be it carefully observed, the net revenues of the lines in which British capital is interested, are amply sufficient to pay current instalments of interest and amortization, and to provide funds for a gradual liquidation of arrears while leaving a margin for the Government's use. The net revenue of the Tientsin–Pukou line, for example, has varied between nine million dollars (Mex.) in 1924 and 5½ millions in 1933. The estimated net revenue of the Shanghai–Nanking line for last year was $5,785,600, and that of the Canton–Kowloon nearly a million. The gross revenue of the Peking–Mukden line, inside the Great Wall, showed an increase of 2½ million dollars in 1934 over that of the previous year. At the annual meeting of the British and Chinese Corporation (entitled by the loan agreements to supervise the finances of these lines in the interests of the bondholders), the Chairman expressed regret that, in spite of increased earnings, funds had not been forthcoming for the arrears of the Tientsin-Pukou loan service, and even the Chairman of the ever-cautious Hongkong and Shanghai Bank went so far as to express doubts as to the

wisdom of the Chinese authorities in paying "so little regard to the just claims of bond-holders and to the formal guarantee given by their government." In a word, the trouble with Chinese railways lies, not in their earning capacity, but in the officials who control them, and the remedy lies, not in new loans, but in a new conception of duty to the State. Can Nanking produce it? The Chinese mercantile community is under no delusions in the matter.

Assuming that this aspect of the situation is clearly recognized on our side, there remains the further question whether the men in power at Nanking are sufficiently impressed by Japan's emphatic declaration of her intention to play a dominant part in China, and sufficiently anxious to avoid her forceful intervention, that they would be willing to accept British, or international, financial aid under such conditions as would make real reorganization possible, not only for the railway system, but throughout the public service? Would they agree to the appointment of advisers, whose functions would include effective financial supervision over their Departments, with strictly audited accounts? To such a remedy for a desperate situation their forbears consented in the perilous Taiping days, for China's course was steered by prudent Elder Statesmen in those days, but on the rock of audited accounts every reform scheme has gone down since 1911.

To return, however, to General Hammond's mission and the possible reorganization of China's railways. The British Government undoubtedly owes a debt of reparation to the bond-holders, because they were encouraged to invest in these railway loans by the fact that the Foreign Office took official cognizance of them. Moreover, by its adoption of a policy of "patient conciliation," it is indirectly responsible for the fact that the railways have not been properly maintained and that their loan services have fallen into arrears. When, in 1907–08, against the opinion of the British Minister at

Peking and other competent advisers on the spot, and accepting the comfortable assurances of Anglo-German financiers, H.M. Government encouraged the investment of British capital on terms which dispensed with the safeguards heretofore provided by the recognized responsibilities of the British Accountant and Engineer-in-Chief, the loss of a large proportion of that capital became inevitable and the railways were doomed to become the rich prey of hungry officials and rival warlords. The amount of interest and principal now in default is £20,100,000.

Of these matters I speak with knowledge, for it fell to my lot to negotiate the agreements with the Chinese Government for the loans of 1907–08. Moreover, when, as the result of German diplomatic pressure and financial competition (highly organized for purposes of *welt-politik*), the British financiers concerned took the line of least resistance and quickest returns, I did everything possible to prevent the consummation of a bankers' pact which took no thought for the bond-holders' morrow.

The results of the disastrous experiment thus inaugurated were clearly foreseen by every technical expert on the spot. Under the new Anglo-German agreement for the Tientsin–Pukou railway, the Engineer-in-Chief became the servant, pure and simple, of the Chinese Managing Director, liable to be ignored, if not removed, if he objected to irregularities. According to the ideas then coming rapidly into vogue, the supervisory functions which he and the British Accountant had performed, with the best results, in the case of the Northern railway, were no longer compatible with China's conception of her sovereign rights. In the Chanceries, the new doctrine became fashionable, that the Chinese, now "upon their mettle," would speedily prove themselves capable of efficient and honest administration. Nevertheless, by the end of 1908, the results of the Tientsin-Pukou experiment had already shown that any repetition of it would be out of the question, so far as the

money market was concerned. In a communication addressed to H.M. Legation at that date, I wrote :—

"The principle at stake is clear and vital. If foreign loans for Chinese railways, etc., are to benefit either borrower or lender, there must be satisfactory security for their honest expenditure. General assurances of good faith are valueless; what is required is the *right to insist* on businesslike methods and integrity."

If General Hammond and Sir Frederick Leith-Ross now frame their reports and base their advice upon actual experience, rather than upon "general assurances of good faith," there is no likelihood of further loans of British money to China, under conditions such as those which have cost the bond-holders so dear. Railways apart, moreover, it is manifestly impossible for Great Britain to undertake single-handed even the first measures requisite for the reorganization of China's financial and economic affairs. Any attempt to do so would be foredoomed; for if it were made without the necessary safeguards, the result would be simply to increase China's financial obligations for the benefit of a political group whose tenure of power is precarious, and if made under conditions involving a measure of executive responsibility, it would immediately arouse the active opposition of Japan.

Assuming that H.M. Government is now disposed to abandon the *laisser-faire* attitude adopted at the Washington Conference and to concern itself with the preservation of British interests in the Far East, there are, broadly speaking, two policies to choose from. The first involves continued acceptance of the idea, sedulously inspired by the Kuomintang's propagandists at Geneva, that the Nanking Government are a "devoted band of statesmen" (to use Professor Gilbert Murray's phrase) successfully engaged in reforming their country's administration on Western lines, and therefore entitled to our active sympathy. It involves adherence to the Washington principle of collective action to protect the integrity of Chinese territory and its most notable supporters (includ-

ing General Smuts, Lord Cecil and Lord Lothian) advocate therefore an Anglo-American *entente*, or alliance, against the menace of Japanese expansion in Asia. Lord Lothian, in particular, would " keep China within the orbit of the League of Nations " by means of financial assistance, to be rendered by Great Britain, France, the United States, Italy and Russia. Underlying this policy is the assumption that, given time and the help of Geneva, Chiang Kai-shek and his colleagues will succeed in putting an end to the military activities of the so-called Communists, as well as those of the hostile secessionist Cantonese faction, and that they may be relied upon to reorganize the country's administration and to put its finances and military defences upon a sound basis of efficiency.

The alternative to this policy lies in subscribing to that of the Japanese Government, as recently formulated by Mr. Matsuoka (chief delegate at Geneva in 1933) in a Memorandum addressed to the Council of the League, a policy which declares the necessity for an imposed restoration of good government and order in China. China, said Mr. Matsuoka, in effect, is not in a position to restore them herself and Japan is no longer disposed to see her go to ruin for lack of authoritative help and guidance.

> " We know better," he said, " than to think that the task of bringing order out of chaos in a country larger than all Europe can be accomplished by any means within the scope and power of the League of Nations. Force, and only force, can bring such a project to fruition and we have little hope that any Power, or group of Powers, is ready to undertake the first essential, namely, the suppression of the powerful and numerous semi-bandit warlords, whose armies total between two million and three million men."

Concerning the respective merits of these two policies, suffice it for our present purposes to observe that the first envisages a reconstructive process for which even the most sanguine of optimists must allow at least a lifetime; the second, whether we like it or not, is already

in process of being applied, with results generally beneficial to the inhabitants, in China's dependencies north of the Great Wall, and it is certain to be extended, by independent Japanese action, farther south, unless Great Britain insists on her right to co-operate, at least in the central provinces, in measures to secure a real reorganization of the country's finances and administration. The necessity for such measures, and the increasing instability of Chiang Kai-shek's position, were clearly indicated only a month ago by the sudden resignation of the Prime Minister, Wang Ching-wei, and two other members of the Nanking Cabinet. The significance of their action and of the subsequent reconciliation will be apparent to those who remember the frequent attempts that have been made by the Cantonese faction in recent years to compel the retirement of Chiang from public life, and especially the fierce denunciation of his morals and methods published by these same three officials, together with other malcontents, after their expulsion from the Kuomintang and the National Government in the summer of 1929. This bitterly hostile manifesto finds no place in the archives of Geneva, but it supplies a complete refutation of the ideas there prevalent, concerning the prospects of unity and progressive reform in China, coming, as it does, from men who hold high office in the present Government. Amongst other charges which its authors brought against Chiang Kai-shek was, that he had—

"monopolized the finances of the Central Government in order to satisfy his personal extravagance; that he had used the pretext of disbandment to plunder the people and to disband the troops of those not of his own following, so as to consolidate his own personal position." . . . "Under his Dictatorship, the greed and corruption of the officials are, if anything, worse than under the pre-revolutionary one of the Manchus. Bribery and embezzlement of public funds, the sale of offices and tax monopolies, are not only winked at, but encouraged."

It would be hard to cite more convincing proof of the truth, proclaimed by Japan at Geneva, that "China is

not an organized State," than this indictment of Kuomintang rule framed by the man who holds office as Prime Minister to-day. The Japanese Government has shown that it is under no delusions as to the inner workings of the highly-polished Kuomintang machine. Japan's policy, as now declared and rapidly applied at several points, would seem to indicate that it regards Chiang Kai-shek as the leader most likely to accept, and best qualified to carry out, an imposed policy of genuine national reconstruction. The Japanese Government has declared in plain terms its readiness to render him the assistance, military and financial, without which he cannot hope to make his authority permanently secure and effective in the "outer" provinces. It would be wholly in keeping with Chiang's character and record to accept such assistance, as he accepted that of Russia in 1925, with mental reservations. There can be no question that the re-establishment of law and order, combined with a policy of systematic reconstruction, is what the people of China need and would welcome, but it has long been evident that neither Chiang nor any of his rivals can ever achieve it unless strongly supported from without.

The question of Great Britain's future policy has now been reduced, by Japan's clear statement of her own, to a comparatively simple issue. Either, adhering to the Washington doctrine of upholding the Open Door (with nothing behind it) and hoping for China's salvation to come from Geneva's peripatetic professors, we shall oppose Japan's determination to restore law and order in China, or else we shall decide to co-operate with her for that purpose, under conditions calculated to preserve our prestige and interests in the Far East. If, with our consent, Japan does policeman's work in China, her first object will be to promote the prosperity and purchasing power of the masses, for the ultimate benefit of Japanese trade; but she may also be expected to demand policeman's wages, in the form of increased opportunities for

Japanese goods in British Empire markets. Here, then, is an opportunity for statesmanship and enlightened diplomacy. In the last resort, the crux of the political problem lies in the question whether Great Britain can co-operate with Japan to restore better conditions in China, without forfeiting the goodwill of the United States? In 1921, the idea was impracticable, but things have greatly changed since the Washington Conference. America's claim to moral guardianship over China has quietly lapsed, and so far as one may judge by the Press, public opinion in the States is no more actively concerned with Japan's activities in China to-day than it was over the Manchurian question four years ago.

Sir Frederick Leith-Ross and General Hammond are straws on the wind of British policy. It remains to be seen whence and whither that wind will blow.

Cotswold Roofs

By Kenneth Hare

THE Priory of S.S. Mary and Peter at Prinknash, now the home of the Caldey Benedictines, which I visited a few days ago, stands in grounds of idyllic beauty. Beeches centuries old, and of immense height, form a barrier of foliage which screens the Park from the main road, with its traffic of motor cycles, cars, and double-decker omnibuses, bound for Stroud, Gloster, or Cheltenham. Singing birds, as I entered the grounds from the din of the road, filled the air with music, in which the soft crooning of the wood doves, and the occasional shrill scream of a jay, supplied discords which were by no means unpleasing. A printed notice introduced a less agreeable train of reflections. It warned me that the bull was usually loose, and that the public used this park, which was strictly private, at their own risk. I raised my eyes from this sinister document, to find myself gazing into those of the creature against whom I had been warned. Doped with the summer heat, he regarded me wistfully. I left him to his meditations. Arrived at the old mansion, grey with the greyness of an Oxford college, I rang and while waiting for admittance, inhaled the fragrance of roses, which seemed to come over me in waves from one of those formally laid out gardens which were the delight of our Tudor ancestors. I was ushered into a cool parlour with oak furniture and stone floor. The Sub-Prior with whom I found myself in conversation seemed taken aback for a moment when I explained that I was a pressman, but he bade me be seated, while he consulted with the Father Prior. This gentleman now in turn introduced himself to me, and informed me that he was anxious to avoid publicity. I explained that I was interested in the reconditioning of the house by the members of his community, and in the Cotswold style in architecture to which they had adhered throughout. Assured that my mission was non-polemical,

I was most hospitably invited to dine with their community in the refectory, and handed over to the good offices of the Guest Master. Dinner over, Dom Christopher, a monk who was formerly a naval officer, but has since specialized in the crafts of tiling and carpentry, was deputed to take me on a tour of inspection. As we walked, he spoke of different phases of his monastery's history. A hunting-box in the fourteenth century, when Cranham Woods, beloved of picnickers, was virgin forest, it was subsequently enlarged so as to form a country retreat and rest-house for the abbots of Gloster. My guide drew my attention to a handsome Gothic window, which experts ascribe to the century following, and which is still called " Abbot Parker's Window." So to later, and to later ages. A bust in a niche of the wall overlooking the courtyard is supposed to represent Henry VIII, who in company with Anne Boleyn, visited one of the abbots, not on sinister machinations intent, but as my host jovially expressed it, " just calling." Another Tudor relic—a recent acquisition, however—is a Madonna in Flemish oak which is believed to have once belonged to Sir Thomas More, of whom the donor, a Mrs. Sutcliffe, is a collateral descendant. During the Civil War, Prince Rupert made Prinknash his headquarters during the disastrous siege of Gloster. The relief of that city by the Roundheads formed the turning point in that grim contention. From the day the siege was raised the fortunes of the royalists declined. (Hard by, at Castle Combe, one of the King's children inquired of him, " why he did not go home," to which Charles answered, " he had no home to go to ! ") The eighteenth century saw much embellishment at Prinknash, but in quite modern times both the ancient fireplaces, and the oak panelling throughout the building, were sold out of the country, to enable their then owners to pay death duties. On the removal of an Adam fireplace from one of the rooms, an original and uninjured one of the early Tudor period was unexpectedly brought to light. This

offered some measure of compensation for other losses. I gather that it is far from easy to convert a dwelling-house into a monastery. In a private house only a very few small rooms are required; in a monastery many, to provide cells for the monks. In a private house many tolerably large rooms are desirable; very few in a monastery. In the latter case, a few *really* large rooms are a necessity, for chapel, chapter-house, refectory, and library. For the sub-division of the older bedrooms into cells, thousands of feet of battens, together with a correspondingly large quantity of wall-board were acquired, for the rapid running up of partitions. To obtain further space, the old chimney-stack had to be demolished, the more so as the introduction of central heating had rendered it superfluous. This proved a labour of Hercules! The walls of the chimney were in some places but little under three feet thick, and the weight of masonry to be removed was estimated at the astonishing figure of fifty tons! By means of a stout rope, the monks lowered down the largest stones inside the chimney itself to the ground floor level. Others they carried downstairs. The lesser stones and rubble were unceremoniously dropped. In the sacristy below, two or three monks with wheel-barrows were kept busy, clearing the rapidly filling fireplace, and transporting the fallen masonry to the west court, whence it was conveyed by horse and cart to a convenient dumping place. As much of the weight of the old roof was supported by this chimney, stays of immense strength, and steel girders were employed to take the strain.

The conversion of small rooms into large, has already been spoken of as an occasional necessity. My guide informed me that the refectory where I had dined, a handsome, imposing apartment, had been, when they took over—a passage, a wash-house, and a coal cellar! The old roof,* long neglected, gaped with chinks. The process of retiling was entered upon in earnest, and my

* The roof repair was undertaken in 1931–32; the chimney in 1933–34.

informant who has made a specialist's study of the local style and has written a learned article on the subject, was deputed leading carpenter and directed the work. A caricature by Heath Robinson, viewing the activities of the brothers from a Heath-Robinsonian angle, adorns the novices' common room. As it is the older and now passing generation of builders who seem alone to understand the technique of the system of tiling roofs with "slats," or huge tiles of the seasoned local stone, I plied my host with questions. He had had to learn everything in this craft for himself, having no connection with building until necessity drew his attention to it.

"Were I a layman," said he, "a bachelor, say, without family ties, I should tile my house, if I were to build one, with asbestos, which is guaranteed to last ten years. But we build, not for an individual, but a community. We hope that our house will outlast many generations of men. Now the tiles of Cotswold stone, if properly seasoned, may be guaranteed to last an hundred years—and have been known to last three hundred! But good material in one medium, demands it in all. One cannot rest stone tiles* on deal battens. These would decay, and the tiler's labours be in vain. The timber which is to take the strain of the tiles must be *oak*, and with oak and stone, you will have a roof to defy the centuries! And that the result is as beautiful as it is durable, is universally allowed. Beauty is not a sauce added to indifferent cooking, but ordinary cooking well done"—an excellent aphorism!

My host speaks of the qualities of woods with the enthusiasm of one who has made for himself interesting discoveries. It astonished me to learn that *unseasoned* timber was preferable to seasoned in the construction of a "black and white" building. Thus did the Tudors construct those houses the solidity and beauty of which delight us to-day. They cut their timber locally, built

* In the Cotswolds we speak of "stone tiles" although geologically they are more like slates than tiles.

with it, and let it season *in situ*. The beech, oak, and ash of Prinknash were felled in what now is Prinknash Park, or its immediate vicinity. In this way the wood seasons, as my host wittily phrases it, "in the climate it has been accustomed to from its youth up." Dom Christopher carried this principle so far as to maintain that wood from the North of England should not be employed for building purposes in the south, and *vice versa*, where locally grown timber is available. American oak, employed to-day in quantity in this country, will not last here as it would in the country of its origin. And it has been observed, time and again, that old furniture purchased in sound condition in England has gone to pieces rapidly in the very different climatic conditions of New York. In one instance only has my informant declined the use of oak where its use was sanctified by tradition. This was with the pegs which, driven through previously drilled holes, attach the tiles to the timbers below. Exposed to the weather these pegs rot, so that sometimes when the peg has ceased altogether to support a tile the latter is held in its place upon the roof solely by means of the torching—or bed of lime mixed with hair—on which it lies! An unsettling reflection during the equinoctial gales! What then, commonplace iron nails instead of oaken pegs? Worse and worse! There is acid in the sap of oak which rusts iron quickly. Dom Christopher favours *brass* pegs. These are tough as need be, and defy corrosion from the rain. Where weather is not to be feared, for interior beams and battens, for instance, he prefers oaken pegs in the style of our ancestors. Here again there is much to learn. Round pegs are undesirable. If they are sufficiently small to drive in easily—they are too loose to hold tightly. If they are larger, they are apt to break in the driving. Square pegs with slightly rounded edges are the ideal. They do not break, even though driven home with a sledge. And driven home, they hold fast. Let the Devil shift them if he can! Whence it appears that the proverb derived from

mediæval carpentry is inexact. A square peg in a round hole is the ideal peg for that situation!

I took reluctant leave of my kind hosts in the late afternoon. In this age when vandalism is rampant, when old buildings are destroyed on all sides without protest, whatever their historical or æsthetic value, it is invigorating to find at Prinknash one at least in which the national—and local style—is jealously preserved. It exemplifies that love of the sterling, that rejection of shoddy and slipshod, which was once regarded as pre-eminently English.

As I regained the park gates, my watch reminded me that I must waste no time if I were to catch my motor 'bus, and not miss my connections. I took a last lingering glance at the scene of the Homeric labours of the monks. The stately old mansion had dissolved already in the blue and silver haze of the shimmering summer noon. The wood doves crooned, as they did when I had entered the grounds. The jay screamed. And the bull favoured me with a slow, abstracted stare, as though he were battling mentally with some system of metaphysics.

Where Three Frontiers Meet

By Muriel Currey

THE importance of Carinthia as a factor in international affairs is explained by its geographical position, and by the great lines of communication which cross it from north to south, and from east to west. As the geography books would say, " Carinthia is bounded on the south by the Karawanken Alps," and along the summit of this great range run the Italian and Jugoslav frontiers. The line from Vienna to Venice, via Villach and Tarvisio, crosses a low pass at the western end, while the line from Vienna to Trieste pierces the range between Klagenfurt and Jesenice, in Jugoslavia. The main line from west to east runs through Villach and Klagenfurt along the northern shore of the Wörthersee, to Maribor in Slovenia; a subsidiary line south of the mountains links up Tarvisio and Jesenice. It was the desire to obtain possession of this great railway rectangle, as much as the existence of a Slovene minority on the northern slopes of the Karawanken range, which led to Jugoslavia's effort to annex southern Carinthia after the War. A plebiscite was held by the direction of the Peace Conference, and as the voting was in favour of Austria the province maintained its natural geographic and economic frontiers.

Why should Carinthia be—or have been—pro-Nazi? The reasons are partly psychological, but chiefly economic. Even in the days of the Empire, Carinthia prided itself on its German patriotism; Klagenfurt, the capital, celebrated the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph by hanging out not Austrian, but German flags! This strong pro-German feeling is probably a reaction against the Slav populations on its eastern and southern borders. But apart from a few idealists among the students, the Nazi enthusiasm in Carinthia is the product of economic conditions. The vast mass of the population is agricultural, there are no markets for its goods and it is overwhelmed with debt.

Whatever pleas of poverty Germany may make to excuse her defalcations, there was no lack of money for revolution and outrages in Austria. The Government of the Reich was bitterly disappointed that the embargo on German tourists visiting Austria did not bring about the ruin of that country; British, French, Czech and Italian visitors did something to make up for the loss, so this last year it was decided to frighten away all foreign visitors. Hence the bomb-throwing in Salzburg at the beginning of the Festival, and the series of outrages which were organized in Carinthia at the end of June.

Nazi agents had been in that province for a considerable time and had built up an organization based on the Communist system of cells, the leaders of each knowing only his ten or fifteen members and his immediate superior. The peasants were told that the Anschluss—or as they said "the coming of Hitler"—would mean the abolition of all taxes and the wiping out of all debts. There was a regular scale of payments for outrages—100 Austrian schillings for throwing what were known locally as "paper bombs," which were noisy but not dangerous, and 800 Austrian schillings for blowing up a bridge. Arms and explosives poured into the country, and the many unemployed young men were delighted to earn what seemed to them large sums of money, with little difficulty and no danger.

June 29th, 1934, the day before "the season" opens in Carinthia, was chosen for the coup which was to ruin the tourist traffic; that night fifteen bridges were blown up in the province. This caused the greatest inconvenience for a short time as the only means of communication with the towns and villages on smaller lakes and in the mountains is by road; but temporary wooden bridges were built with great rapidity and efficiency, and most of the tourists refused to be frightened. The police were loyal and courageous, but scattered in ones or twos over the countryside they were practically helpless.

Had the Government had either the men or the resources to deal with the perpetrators of these outrages, there would have been no fighting in Carinthia in July.

The famous announcement that Rintelen had taken over the government was to have been the signal for a general rising in Carinthia, and the whisper went round that fifteen hundred armed men would descend from the mountains to seize the province. When the moment came, one hundred and fifty appeared. Again, if Government forces had been available the rising would have been put down in a few hours, for the leaders showed little stomach for the fight; at one place thirty prominent Nazis meekly allowed themselves to be arrested by the "Home Front." Elsewhere guerrilla warfare of a spasmodic kind went on for a few days, for the Nazis were well supplied with machine guns, rifles and bombs, but once Vienna was able to send detachments of troops and Heimwehr the Nazis made the best of their way over the Jugoslav frontier. The encouraging feature of the situation was the absolute loyalty of the army, the irregular forces and the police; there was not a single case of defection.

The murder of Dollfuss produced a great reaction in the province; many people who had been indifferent or apathetic crowded to join the "Home Front"—even Nazis abjured their previous principles and clamoured to be admitted. The danger passed for the moment but there is great anxiety about the future, for the economic, underlying causes still remain. The Government has no money for a proper campaign to put its case before the country, and the "Home Front" with practically no resources has to struggle against the lavish promises and ready money payments of the Nazi agents.

The difficulties of the Government are enormously increased by the fact that there is no one definite class or section of the community on which it can rely for support; indeed it is common to find families in which

one member is a supporter of the Government, another a socialist, and a third a Nazi. The mere task of administration is incessantly complicated by this political confusion, for ministers and high officials are hampered by the activities and sympathies of their relations and friends, and are constantly afraid that their actions will be attributed to fear or partiality. Indignation against the methods of the Nazis has united a large portion of the population for the time being, but this may prove to be only a passing phase; what is lacking is a personality or an ideal which will arouse the love and patriotism of the nation. Curiously enough this need was expressed most clearly and forcibly by a young Slovene. "I have spent three years at the University in Vienna," he said, "and I know that what Austria needs is the restoration of the Hapsburgs. It is the only thing that can hold the country together. Our Government is opposed to it, but they are wrong; we must have Austria as a buffer State and it can only live if there is an Emperor or King to unite it." In Austria itself the desire for a restoration is growing, the poor people in Carinthia are saying—"if only we had the Emperor again things would be better." Paradoxically enough the Socialists are joining the supporters of a restoration; they have now realized the benefits of living under a sovereign who is outside and above the strife of party politics. Among the educated classes two difficulties are incessantly discussed: the opposition of Jugoslavia, and the problem of coming to some agreement with Hungary on constitutional procedure.

It was interesting to cross the frontier into Slovenia and to see these problems from a new angle. Maribor, the second largest town in the province and the nearest to the frontier, was extremely annoyed at being described as "pro-Nazi." The Slovenes declare that the only Nazis are the very unpopular Austrian minority, and that the propaganda which was reported was simply the relaying by these Austrians of the broadcasts from Munich.

They used to place loud speakers in the windows of their houses, and the police were kept busy for days going round insisting that all windows of rooms with wireless sets should be closed. The Austrian Nazis were disarmed at the frontier and a certain number were brought to Maribor (where they were not allowed to speak to any of the local inhabitants) before being hastily sent on to a camp at Varaźdin, a small town about three hours by train from the Austrian frontier.

It is hard to understand why the Jugoslav Government endeavoured to make such a secret about this and the two other refugee camps, one near Zagreb and the third near Belgrade. At Varaźdin about eleven hundred Nazis, who now include women and children, were quartered in disused stables at the back of some barracks. There is a parade ground with low wooden palings and as there are streets on either side, it was perfectly easy for anyone to see everything, except the interior of the very dilapidated building. The Nazis were at liberty to stroll about the town so long as they were in camp at 8 p.m., but no journalist was allowed to visit the camp, and the Government at Belgrade instructed the local authorities to refuse all information. It cannot be said that the Nazis looked a formidable military force; they were mostly weedy youths of the peasant or small clerk type, and their bearing did not suggest that they have received any instruction in drill. There was little or no fraternizing between them and the local inhabitants, who regard them with unfriendly eyes; feeling against Austria is still bitter and the memory of the fighting in 1919 is fresh in the minds of these unwilling hosts. In December the contingents from the three camps were taken by sea to Germany, where they have presumably joined the other Austrian Nazis.

Whatever may be the policy of the Jugoslav Government, Slovenia is strongly opposed to the Anschluss and is consequently anti-Nazi. It lies on the road to Trieste and believes that the German tide would sweep

over the province and on down to that coveted outlet to the Adriatic. Here is the irony of the situation—Italy and Slovenia are at one on this point, and yet there is bitter enmity against Italy. There are reported to be 70,000 Slovene refugees from Venezia, Giulia and Istria in Maribor; whatever may be their real numbers or the true explanation of their presence, they serve to stir up hatred. It is seriously believed by some people that Italy wishes to annex Slovenia in order to obtain the coal mines, and the news of an Italo-French entente was most unwelcome.

Everyone in Carinthia is convinced that it was Italy's action alone that saved Austria in July; the movement of troops up to Tarvisio so alarmed the German Government that at the last moment the Austrian Legion was prevented from crossing the frontier. But at the same time the Jugoslav Government concentrated troops in Slovenia, and had the Nazi plot succeeded Jugoslavia as well as Italy would have marched into Austria, and a grotesque and terrible reproduction of the three-handed duel in "Midshipman Easy" would have been inevitable.

The mute and deplorable comment on the tangle in central Europe, and particularly of that part of it where these three frontiers meet, is provided by the ports of Sušak, Fiume and Trieste—stagnation reigns in all three. Year after year passes and the solution of the problem of the Danubian States seems to be no nearer, meanwhile time and poverty are working for Hitler. The Austrians are waiting uneasily, they do not believe that he has abandoned his designs on their country.

To end on a note which sounds like an advertisement of a travel agency—a pleasant and practical way of helping Austria is that everyone who is able to do so, should spend their holidays in that country. At the same time they will know that they are doing what they can to defeat a cruel and unscrupulous plot against a small and helpless country.

Not "Too Old at Forty"

By Frank Clinger Scallan

SOME little time ago a popular journal voiced the demands of youth, and the correspondence published was an interesting exhibition of self-confidence with but little reflection. It is easy to visualize a better condition of affairs, but to work the complicated machinery of modern life to produce this amelioration is another matter. The enthusiast without capacity, as Schopenhauer points out, is the really dangerous person; and if inexperienced youth left the prow to usurp the helm there would be an anxious time ahead. Pitts are rare in any age.

The revolt of youth is as old as history, but it got a fresh impetus from the too hasty conclusions proclaimed by Sir William Osler in his "Too old at Forty" speech delivered in Baltimore in 1905, when he branded the middle-aged as inefficient, and the men over sixty as completely useless. His dicta have been indignantly challenged many times, the most effective of recent refutations being that of Professor A. S. Russell, published two years ago in *The Listener*. This was mainly a defence of scientific research workers, and their dependable efficiency beyond middle age was proved by the statement that the average age of the sixty-five Presidents of the British Association—excluding those now living—was seventy-six.

The present detailed presentation of the view that mental energy and capacity are not necessarily affected by age is based on a very complete and exhaustive survey of the whole problem of effective intelligent activity published by Dr. Newman Dorland in "The Century Magazine" in April, 1908. Dr. Dorland succeeds in demolishing Osler's assumption that "if we were to subtract the work of men over forty from the whole sum of human achievement in action, science, art, and literature, while we should miss some priceless treasures, we would practically be where we are

to-day." This claim that, in other words, the accomplishments of the older men, in their varied spheres of work, have not benefited the world to any degree worth considering, is proved to be untenable.

Osler's opinions, as might have been expected in a young country like America, were given ready credence; and propositions were seriously put forward, particularly in the large business centres, for relegating the middle-aged to the back-waters of "innocuous desuetude" to make room for more pushful youth. The idea underlying the prejudice against the "over forty," was that they had settled into rigid mental grooves, were no longer imaginative enough to develop of themselves new schemes to meet changing conditions, and were not receptive to new ideas.

But in course of time the pendulum began to swing back, and, in 1929, some prominent business men were found willing to admit that there were advantages on the side of middle age—the cautiousness which prevented rash speculation, and the experience and trained judgment which were of definite calculable value in special lines of business. Mr. Henry Ford, for one, declared that middle-aged men "were stable and experienced, and did better work calling for endurance, which is often shirked by younger men."

Dr. Dorland, not particularly interested in the commercial evaluation of middle or old age, but having a wider purpose, prepared, as a preliminary, a list of the world's most distinguished men in all departments of human endeavour, to the number of about four hundred, which he grouped under two main heads, "workers," and "thinkers." He then set himself to discover at what age these men reached their acme of intellectual achievement, and produced their several *opera magna*; but before arriving at his conclusions he, incidentally, collected much correlated information of exceptional interest.

His first main division, the "workers," comprises actors, artists, chemists, explorers, inventors, musical

composers, physicists, physicians, surgeons and soldiers. The "thinkers" include astronomers, divines, dramatists, essayists, historians, jurists, mathematicians, naturalists, novelists, poets, statesmen, satirists, and even humorists.

In order to be perfectly fair to those who hold a brief for youth, the next statement is an enumeration of all the known instances of precocious achievement, giving the ages at which the youthful "workers" or "thinkers" performed acts, or produced works, worthy of record. As might be expected, the musicians lead the youthful van; and Handel, Meyerbeer, Mozart, and other masters of music are mentioned as performing in public and producing compositions at various ages of childhood. From the collected data, the *average age* of evident mental efficiency of these prodigies is computed to be seventeen.

It would be impossible, in this short article, to give the names and ages of all the young geniuses in music, and in other arts and avocations; so they will be mentioned in groups, and the average age of each group will be noted. Thus, actors, who follow the musicians in early manifesting their abilities, show an average age of eighteen. Soldiers, artists, divines and jurists give proof of their mentality at the average age of twenty-two. Dramatists come next at twenty-three; poets, novelists, surgeons and inventors at twenty-four; explorers, naturalists, historians and statesmen at twenty-six; philosophers at twenty-seven; reformers at twenty-eight; and satirists and humourists, whose peculiar genius is, apparently, slowly and gradually developed by the effect upon their emotional natures of the disappointments and insincerities of human experience, come last with an average of thirty-two.

When the *duration* of intellectual performance and high ability is considered, these same satirists and humourists appear to lose their gifts of acidular sarcasm, or witty banter, in the shortest period—thirty-two years. Explorers, reformers, and dramatists show an active period of sustained ability of thirty-five years; soldiers,

chemists, physicists, and philosophers, thirty-seven years; statesmen, thirty-eight years; essayists and musical composers produce work of quality over a period of forty years; actors and artists have an effective working life of forty-two years; historians and divines continue their labours profitably for forty-three years; naturalists, physicians and surgeons, astronomers and mathematicians show a working period of efficient activity of from forty-five to forty-seven years; and inventors continue mentally productive for forty-nine years.

Further examination shows that four and a half per cent. of these men ceased their activity in the fourth decade (between thirty and forty); ten and a half per cent. in the fifth decade; twenty and three-quarters per cent. in the sixth; thirty-five per cent. in the seventh; twenty-two and a half per cent. in the eighth; and six per cent. in the ninth. Seventy-eight and a quarter per cent. completed their life work between fifty and eighty years of age, and eighty-five per cent. after their fiftieth year.

After sifting the evidence afforded by his carefully compiled records, Dr. Dorland arrives at the conclusion that the average age of the *master-work*—the supreme effort—not of the limit of efficient mental capacity, or indicating a following decline in intellectual ability—is fifty years. For the " workers " the average age for the master-work is forty-seven, and for " thinkers " fifty-two. " Provided health and optimism remain," the doctor remarks, " the man of fifty can command success as readily as the man of thirty."

We see, therefore, that although it seems proven that masterpieces have not—on the average—been produced after the age of fifty, the inevitable logical consecution is not the " comparative worthlessness " of the man ten years younger, nor the certain descent of the man of sixty into desipient senility and " complete uselessness."

It may be interesting to record here some instances of mental virility evidenced in advanced age—as an encouragement to the " superannuated." Bacon, it is said,

outlined his "Novum Organum" at the age of fifteen—a statement difficult to believe—but completed it for publication at fifty-nine. Kant wrote his "Estimate of Living Force" at twenty-three, but published his "Critique of Pure Reason" when fifty-seven. Handel and Meyerbeer, both precocious composers, wrote, the former his oratorio, *The Triumph of Time*, at seventy-two; and the latter, at the same age, produced his opera, *L'Africaine*. Verdi, at seventy-one, composed his masterpiece, *Othello*, and his other brilliant work, *Falstaff*, in his eightieth year. Isaac Disraeli published his "Amenities of Literature" at seventy-five, at which age Bismarck was deposed from his Chancellorship by the egotistical ex-Kaiser. Victor Hugo, at seventy-five, wrote "The History of Crime"; at seventy-seven, "Le pape"; at seventy-eight, "L'Ane"; at seventy-nine, "Les Quartre Vents de l'Esprit"; and at eighty, "Torquemada." Humboldt began to write, at seventy-six, his great work "Kosmos," and finished it at eighty. Lamarck completed his famous zoological treatise, "The Natural History of the Invertebrates" at seventy-eight. Goethe completed his *Faust* when eighty, and Ranke commenced at this advanced age his "History of the World," and actually lived to complete it: he died at ninety-one. Tennyson was eighty-three when he wrote "Crossing the Bar." Walter Savage Landor wrote his "Imaginary Conversations" at eighty-five.

As examples of physical as well as mental strength in old age, we have Von Moltke, who was Chief of Staff of the Prussian army at eighty-eight; John Wesley, who was constantly travelling, and preached almost daily at the same age; and Gladstone, who began his great Midlothian campaign at eighty, and became Prime Minister, for the fourth time, at eighty-three. Two great artists, and a noted actor, close the record of aged yet efficient workers. Michel Angelo, at eighty-nine, was busily engaged on his immortal frescoes; that other master, Titian, painted his "Battle of Lepanto" at ninety-eight; and Charles Macklin,

the Shakespearian actor, performed at Covent Garden Theatre as " Macbeth " at eighty-four, and as " Shylock " at ninety-nine.

The list of the mentally virile in old age is fairly lengthy; too long to quote with any approximation to completeness, but a few instances extending into our own times may be added. The most remarkable of these veterans was Clemenceau, the " Tiger," indomitable to the last. Among soldiers the most notable were Lord Roberts, and Maréchals Joffre and Foch. Thomas Edison, who died in 1931, aged eighty-four, produced inventions that have benefited the world when he was already long past middle age, and worked in his laboratory till his last illness. He declared that a man ought to " work with increasing efficiency " between thirty-six and sixty. Robert Dollar, the founder of the Dollar steamship lines, who died recently at the age of eighty-eight, was convinced he had accomplished more in his later years than before he had reached sixty. Of those still with us, and still at work, the most prominent, perhaps, are President Masaryk, the efficient head of the Czecho-slovakian Republic, now 84, Mr. Henry Ford, the poet Rabindranath Tagore (who is still busy conducting his college at Shantiniketan), and that outstanding example of indefatigable physical and mental energy, George Bernard Shaw, who, vigorous at seventy-four, recently circumnavigated the world. His opinion of Sir William Osler's incautious and unreasonable condemnation of all above forty, as partially or wholly incapable, has not, I think, been made public, but it would be worth hearing.

Age most frequently, if not invariably, implies experience, and the " smack of age " that has acquired " some relish of the saltness of time " is still valuable in the affairs of life.

Virtue Rewarded

By X. M. Boulestin

WAITING in the little restaurant for Gaspard and his wife I found myself—having ordered the meal with all the care the occasion demanded—thinking about my old friend in quite a sentimental way. The chances of life and the Channel had separated us for several years. Was he still the same charming, irresponsible, irresolute person?

I knew at least that we often thought about each other, and that our thoughts always were centred not on what our present life could be, wondering about each other's acts and moods and looks, but on our distant past when, as young men, we lived together in Paris and in London. That, definitely, was our private sanctuary.

We had been hard up together, usually at or even before the end of the month, and helped each other many times; to the extent, for instance, of my pawning his gold watch and chain and forgetting to redeem it in time, and of his keeping a Persian rug I had asked him to sell for me together with other things. But these incidents belonged to our youthful past and we had smiled many times together remembering them. We had been true to each other, and honest and candid as far as two civilized friends can be without formulating the unformed thoughts that lurk deep down on the border line of one's consciousness. Well we knew each other, our qualities, our defects. And I knew more than anything else, for having criticized it inwardly and aloud, that weakness of his, the morbid inability he had of taking a decision; the almost deliberate hesitation which prevented him from acting or not acting at the right moment, and which as a gambler made him lose so much money. Was he still doing nothing and living elegantly on a dwindling income, I wondered . . . ?

Then Claude appeared, fair and beautiful, in the entrance door of the small room, dressed for the occasion,

and the place, with a frock so perfect that it could almost pass unnoticed.

The place was a tiny restaurant, a real *bistro*, near the Halles, with sawdust on the floor, two waiters in shirt-sleeves, and the most exquisite cooking prepared by the *patronne* herself.

"Gaspard will be even later," explained Claude. "He came back only early this morning. . . . Yes, I am afraid it was not a lucky night. But what can I do? We both hate scenes; and he means so well really. . . ."

Of course. And that was part of his dangerous charm. I never could say to him more than a meek: "It's really too stupid. And what are you going to do now?" He would agree, agree; it was really too stupid. But next time . . . or, no; there would not be a next time. Oh, he always meant well.

". . . And he is so full of delicate attentions," Claude smiled, a little ironically I thought, obviously visualizing a scene. "He bought me quite a fine row of pearls the other day; second-hand, of course, through a friend, because new it would have been out of question . . . lovely pearls. It was my birthday. Unfortunately, I did not like the clasp so he took it to be changed."

I saw it all; on the way to the jeweller, he passed his club with half an hour to spare . . . the temptation, the drama, the feeling of waste, the remorse, the heartfelt promise.

"I never saw it again. He lost it and the quarter's rent, too. Oh, he explained it all very plausibly. . . ."

In the same way he explained very plausibly why precisely he was so late for luncheon; and when I saw him sitting down and unfolding his napkin ready to enjoy a perfect meal, at once we took up the conversation exactly where we had left it several years before. Ah, we were faithful to each other. The hair on his temples might be getting grey. I might be getting fatter, but we had remained ourselves and our smile was one of deep affection and complete understanding.

Well, we had an entirely happy hour; our talk, the food, the wines, the liqueurs, the atmosphere of the little place. . . . As Sterne puts it somewhere: " 'Twas a feast of love."

I asked for the bill, got it (an absurdly cheap addition), gave a five hundred franc note and the waiter came back with, on a plate, the folded bill and what looked like an abnormal amount of change. I am not good at figures, but when I looked casually, as one does at " change," something seemed to me definitely wrong. I hesitated, fingered the notes, made a mental calculation and wondered again. There could not be all that money. I saw Gaspard looking at me.

" Of course, the waiter has made a mistake. I know their prices," he said, " you could not possibly have been given back more than three hundred franc notes, and some silver, and I see you've got seven or eight. Obviously he's brought you the change for a thousand. . . . What a problem ! "

It certainly would have been a cheap meal. We considered. We explored all the issues. Suppose we said nothing. Where would immorality begin? The waiter would not be the loser, or in trouble. The shortage could only be discovered later; it could not be traced. Perhaps the mistake would never be found out, the owners of the little place hardly kept books. In which case, we decided, we must tell them. If they had been very efficient modern business people . . .

" Or the State," suggested Claude.

Or the State, then there would be an excuse. Such gods must be infallible, or pay the penalty. I signalled to the waiter.

" Luckily he has not seen you," whispered Gaspard, all alive with doubt. " Wait, wait." He looked at the money. " Yes, I suppose we must hand it over, and go quietly as they say . . . I might have built a fortune on that, though."

I suggested that in any case it was not his change; I was paying the bill. At the way he smiled I saw his meaning. He would have expected me to let him have it. I would not be out of pocket as he explained. I said at least I would have wanted my share. That seemed to relieve his incertitude. It was not worth sharing. Honesty first. Decidedly.

"But don't give it to the waiter," he went on, "he might keep the notes and say nothing and they might meanwhile find out all about it and we should be accused when going out. . . . Dreadful idea."

So I gave the waiter his tip, gathering slowly in front of him the eight hundred franc notes. Evidently he was not aware of his mistake. A good occasion lost, sighed Gaspard.

As we went out I brandished the notes in the face of the *patronne*, reproaching her playfully in a sham stern manner:

"Your waiter has very strange ideas about giving change. . . ."

She interrupted me apologetically.

"Ah, Monsieur, he is always making errors. I see what he has done . . . will you excuse me?" She rushed to the counter and came back, handing me another five hundred franc note. Claude smiled, Gaspard remained petrified, gasping for breath, as it were. I had to collect my thoughts quickly. I took the plunge.

"Well," I said, "as a matter of fact, it is the other way round."

The *patronne* shrugged her shoulders. "So like him, Jules! Come here at once. . . . Now you see what you have done. . . . See. . . . Now if *ces Messieurs-Dames* had not been honest. . . . But let me offer you a little glass of Armagnac before you leave . . . my husband's best."

We wanted it badly after so many emotions. It certainly was delicious.

"Rather expensive," murmured Gaspard sulkily,

" and don't you think it leaves in the mouth like a taste of ashes? "

He was becoming a little " difficult " in the taxi which was driving Claude to her appointment and us to the Champs Elysées. We had decided to spend the afternoon together lazily, talking, looking at books, at pictures, at life, as we used to in the old days. But he remained moody. There was a shadow over our reunion.

It dawned upon me that his morbid indecision had grown alarmingly, like a poison slowly spreading, soon overpowering. In fact, he was even more " far gone " than Claude's remarks had led me to believe.

I tried carelessness, but to my " What are you thinking about? " he answered with a desperate shrug of the shoulders, " Ah, you know quite well . . . of what might have happened." After a silence he went on: " You don't understand. You're always so sure of yourself. . . . I shan't sleep for days now! "

His smile, I thought, seemed a little flat, his exaggeration hardly forced. He took my arm affectionately.

" And that will be your fault," he said.

" You are a fraud," I said.

" Anything but that! Just a poor human being, haunted, pursued, unable to escape. But you, you are strong, you can take decisions. Decide, make a gesture. You'll dine with us at home, of course, but what shall we do till eight o'clock? Personally I shall probably drop in at the club for a few minutes. Why don't you come with me? "

I made the gesture decisively, like a strong man, like a weak man, the gesture of putting my hand to the inside pocket of my coat.

" Listen, Gaspard . . ." Oh, he understood, and the light in his eyes, the real smile on his lips . . . well, it was worth it. There could be no question of thanks between us. " And I'll win this time," he decided.

Once more waiting for him, and before the appointed time, that evening at the Rond-Point, I wondered and

wondered. Poor Gaspard. He was punctual, very much himself, his charming self with that queer pathetic humour which disturbed so many people. When was he joking, or serious, or real, when was he himself, they said? I knew, I knew these still waters, sometimes a ray of sun played on them, sometimes the mud was stirred in the depths and clouded their limpidity; every wind ruffled them.

He sat down. "What did I tell you?" said he gaily. "I've won. Oh," he sadly shook his head, "it's too awful, it's lamentable. Just my luck. If I had played thousands instead of hundreds I would have made a fortune. . . ."

Drunk and Sober

By Afzul Khan

THEY were known in the station as " Drunk " and " Sober " : some self-imagined wag had coined the names from the sun-blistered boards outside their bungalow, which read " D. T. Peregrine " and " T. T. Peregrine." They were a curious pair; apple-cheeked, in spite of long years in India, neat horsemen with something of the horseman's spareness and neatness ; their clothes were neatly worn, and followed the fashion of King Edward's day. Long coated and narrow trousered, Drunk and Sober eschewed the floppiness of this more liberal age.

No one quite knew who they were. Rumour attributed their parentage to some British officer (indefinite rank), who had settled in the country, made money, supplied his descendants with an indistinct background of Government employment. Yet not even the station's oldest inhabitant could remember the brothers upon any work. They seemed part of the endless leisure of India, having no more to fill their days than station polo, shikar, lounging in the Club, pottering in their garden. This garden was indeed a portent : its neat red walks, its almost green lawns, its trimmed hibiscus hedges, reproached the slatternly middens surrounding the houses of us who felt that in Bharanpur we had no abiding city.

Yet, anonymous and idle as they were, Drunk and Sober were persons of importance in the station. Did a new regiment march in, they were the first to call on the Mess with tactful and practical advice on servants, ponies, shikar. Did a bride arrive, it was Drunk and Sober who somehow displaced the magpie assemblage of station wives, and quietly showed the girl how to run an Indian household. Were some petty scandal set up in the Club, the two helped the harassed secretary to remove it. By their tact, humour, and above all by their

permanence, Drunk and Sober ruled in Bharanpur. I think that they were happy in their little realm.

They were inseparable. Neither accepted an invitation which the other refused; they played bridge in the same four; if Drunk were in the bar and if Sober were long in coming, Drunk would mutter something about " business " and slip away in search. This awareness of each other's presence, these tiny excuses for affection, were an ever fresh source of amusement to us, something about which to tell a story when conversation flagged in the hell-hot boredom of a June night.

Thus it was that a crop of stories sprung up one April when Sober astoundingly left the station *solus* on a shooting trip. " Hallo, Drunk," someone would cry, " we hear that Sober's chucked his hand in, and gone Home." Or, " hello, Drunk, where's your half section? Deserted? " And Drunk would smile, and say, " he'll be back on the tenth. Bet you he'll have a ten-foot tiger."

On the evening of the ninth half a dozen of us were in the bar over drinks after tennis, chatting and chaffing, when a servant handed Drunk a telegram. " It's to say your brother has bolted," said McCrea; and then " hold up, man, what the hell's the matter? " For Drunk had staggered white-faced against the Bar, and the telegram had fallen from his hand. I picked it up and read it: " deeply regret your brother died cholera sincerest sympathy Ibbotson." Ibbotson was Forest Officer of the range where Sober had been shooting, and his name testified to the truth of that small flimsy message.

And then, horribly, Drunk began to laugh. " You fellows are always joking," he stuttered, " it's a joke, a joke . . . a joke." His voice rose to something like a scream.

It was indeed a joke: one of those jests of which Death alone savours the humour. And since men and animals bear pain best in solitude, we left Drunk to himself.

Happily Ever After

By Afzul Khan

WHEN he somewhat shamefacedly announced his engagement we were none too surprised, for we had known about it for some time. Indeed, only a week before the Staff Captain had said to me—*à propos* of nothing—" when the telephone rings I pray God it isn't James. Between that fall on his head at polo and being in love the man's impossible." He had shaken his head seriously. I had not been particularly interested.

But now we behaved in the customary fashion. We congratulated him a little shyly, drank Madeira at his expense, and recorded our signatures for reproduction in the inevitable piece of plate. His realization of bliss would cost us about a pound apiece, and we were content to leave it at that. Then he asked me to be his best man, and I agreed. I would, in any case, have looked after his dog while he was on leave, and Juliet was a charming and distressingly ordinary young woman.

As prospective best man I found it impossible not to become entangled in this everyday, ordinary affair. I became the mentor of an apparent imbecile, the recipient of appalling confidences, the vicarious participator in rose-coloured dreams, and a fellow explorer of Cloud Cuckoo Land. Night after night I sat up, while James, spider-like, trapped me in a monstrous web of illusion; and the more I sat up with him, the more I marvelled that all men thus hope to attain in a moment the goal which most men spend a lifetime in seeking—that myth, human happiness.

Time passes, and after some weeks I accompanied James and Juliet on a three-hours journey to Bombay to meet Juliet's parents coming from England for the wedding. I had vaguely visualized them, but I was not prepared for the perfection of form and appearance which graced the cluttered Customs shed that November

morning. So brushed, so spare, so shining was the old General that he carried one's thoughts back to a legendary age of courtesy. So serene was she that porcelain in her hands would have seemed crude. Their exquisite manners to us three and to each other made me feel a hobbledehoy, a young man red-handed, shuffling, inadequate.

Thus smoothly and imperceptibly we arrived at our hotel, and later at lunch conversation turned on the approaching event. The right things were said in the right way; James looked happy and Juliet adorable. I sat there gazing, reflecting how very far this talk was from my line of country, and making my conversational tricks with the concealed anxiety of a man playing bridge in company far too good for him.

"And," said the General, finally, "if she is as good a wife to you as her mother has been to me, no one could ask for more." He smiled courteously at his wife; she returned his smile with one of frank affection. James and Juliet looked at their plates: I, feeling vaguely uncomfortable, gazed unseeingly at my host and hostess. And then, in a flash, a curious thing happened: like a camera shutter opening something lifted from those two old faces: in his I saw cold hatred, and in hers nothing but boredom and contempt. Juliet looked up smiling; James raised his eyes, and met hers with a glance which it was treachery to intercept. And I, who had seen past and present reflected together as in a mirror, drank some beer and changed the conversation to the weather.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE approach of a General Election renders the moment particularly opportune for an examination of the National Government's record in the field of foreign politics, not least because this record is likely to be the subject of much criticism at the hustings. Before, however, considering the matter in any detail, it is necessary to bear in mind what was the situation when the present administration took office four years ago.

The salient fact was that in a world armed to the teeth we were stripped to the skin. This was not wholly the fault of the previous Socialist ministry, though it had done nothing to remedy such an unsatisfactory state of affairs, for the blame must rest with all who had held office since the Armistice. In their anxiety to prove that as pacifists they left nothing to be desired, Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists alike had reduced the armed forces of the Crown to such an extent that, as Lord Lloyd so well put it, the British Empire was a mass of unprotected plunder. They forgot the words of Stratford Canning that, " the extreme desire for peace, if care be not taken, may bring on the danger of war." The weight of Great Britain in the counsels of Europe was appreciably diminished owing to her defenceless condition, while she was quite unable to induce others to disarm as she had nothing with which to bargain.

British Commitments

THERE were, nevertheless, a number of vague commitments into which previous Governments had somewhat lightheartedly entered. Chief of these was the Locarno Pact, by which, in the event of a war between France and Germany, we and the Italians were pledged to come to the assistance of whichever party had suffered aggression, though it had not been considered necessary to provide the force required to render such intervention

effective. There were also the obligations implicit in the Covenant of the League of Nations, which were quite undefined, but seemed calculated to compel Great Britain to defend the *status quo* whenever and wherever it was threatened.

Behind all this was a confused nation which had heard the heresies of the centuries acclaimed as the orthodoxy of the post-war era. Patriotism was a vice, and to confess to a belief in any definite set of principles was an admission of hypocrisy or folly. Every type of degradation, in art, music, and literature, as well as in politics, was being extolled as the highest wisdom, and the wells of truth and morality were slowly being poisoned. It is true that from time to time, in circumstances where there was no chance of their observations being repeated, Conservative leaders were heard to deplore these tendencies, but that did not prevent them from holding high office in the various organizations with disruptive objects. A faithful remnant still murmured :—

> " Oh ! for one glance from Chatham's eye,
> To make our vile misgivings fly;
> Oh ! for one cheer like that which broke
> From English hearts when Canning spoke."

but they were ignored, or ridiculed as " Diehards."

The Disarmament Conference

THE first fence that the National Government had to take was the Disarmament Conference, which met at Geneva in February, 1932. In April, Dr. Brüning, then German Chancellor, proposed that, in return for an undertaking given by Germany not to increase her armaments for five years, or until the second Disarmament Conference, she should be permitted to reduce the twelve-year period of *Reichswehr* service to five years; to organize a militia which should not exceed the number of 100,000 men which the Treaty of Versailles allows the *Reichswehr*, and be released from the restrictions imposed by the Treaty on the purchase of war material. He also

asked that the prohibition of the Reich's possession of weapons of offence should be abrogated, but said that Germany was prepared to renounce these on condition that all other Powers did the same.

What followed is best described by Mr. Wheeler-Bennett in *The Disarmament Deadlock*. "What a chance was here for statesmanship, what an opportunity for the British Prime Minister to take the lead in Europe. Had Mr. MacDonald, in face of M. Tardieu's refusal to return to Geneva and discuss the German proposals, persuaded his colleagues to make public the nature of Dr. Brüning's offer, together with the fact that his contention was considered justified and reasonable by the British, American, and Italian delegations, the French Government would have been placed in an untenable position by reason of the very fairness of the German proposals. . . . But the opportunity was lost and, instead, the details of the April conversation were kept shrouded in mystery, and Mr. MacDonald regarded any subsequent reference to them almost as a personal affront." The result was that all hope of disarmament had to be abandoned, and Germany, realizing that justice was not to be obtained at Geneva, threw herself into the arms of the Nazis.

The Far East

THEN came the Japanese attack on China, and the consequent crisis in the Far East. For a time the League of Nations breathed fire and slaughter, and the pacifists, who had for years welcomed with glee every reduction of the British Navy, loudly demanded that it should be sent to a second Tsushima. The National Government, ever tender of the feelings of the Left, wavered, thereby encouraging the Chinese to put up a futile resistance, costly alike in men and money. Finally, however, the overwhelming odds against effective intervention were realized, and after Japan had been driven out of the League no action of any sort was taken.

This policy combined every conceivable disadvantage. It alienated the Chinese, who felt they had been let down; it annoyed victorious Japan; and it created a precedent for the successful violation of the Covenant of the League. Nor was this all, for when there was no longer any shadow of doubt but that the Japanese would achieve their object, the National Government was seized with a fit of conscience, and refused to recognize the new State of Manchukuo, thereby placing unnecessary obstacles in the way of British participation in the development of that country. Today our prestige in the Far East is lower than it has ever been, and it is not likely to be enhanced by the withdrawal to Aden of the few warships which did fly the British flag in Chinese waters.

Anglo-German Relations

THE same vacillation has marked the Government's attitude towards Germany. Ministers never seem to have been able to make up their minds whether the Nazi regime is an offence crying out to Heaven, and/or Geneva, for redress, or whether it is the private affair of the German people. Similarly, they appear quite uncertain whether the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles are to be regarded as sacrosanct, or to be modified to suit changing circumstances. Their attitude has varied according to electoral considerations.

Consequently the strange spectacle has been witnessed of the same administration joining with France and Italy in the so-called "Stresa front" against Germany, and a few months later concluding with that Power a naval agreement which was in flagrant violation of the Treaty of Versailles. The world has also been edified by the admonitions addressed by Sir John Simon to Herr Hitler, as well as by photographs of the then Foreign Secretary, together with Mr. Anthony Eden, almost in the position of suppliants to the *Führer*. Such being the case, it is not difficult to understand why foreigners,

who are not well-acquainted with the mainsprings of British policy, should regard it as founded entirely upon opportunism.

The League of Nations

IS the explanation to be found in the oft-repeated Ministerial statement that British foreign policy is based upon the League of Nations? Certainly the latter has never foreseen any crisis until it had arisen in an acute form, and as this has also been characteristic of Whitehall, one might justifiably argue a close connection between Downing Street and Geneva. However this may be, it can hardly be denied that on more than one occasion the National Government has regarded the existence of the League of Nations as a reason, if not an excuse, for having no definite policy of its own.

Had the League been a success such attitude might have been justified, but this is not the case. It was meant to be universal, and to obviate the necessity of the leagues and alliances of pre-war days. It has never been the former, while the defection of Japan and Germany, and the probable withdrawal of Italy, has reduced it to the level of one of those alliances which it was created to prevent. The National Government has for four years enjoyed the support of an unprecedented majority, and today the country is within an ace of war with wholly inadequate armaments, with a League of Nations which is little more than the old Triple Entente in a weakened form, and with German domination of Central Europe, which the last war was fought to prevent, an accomplished fact.

The Abyssianian Dispute

FEW crises have been handled so incompetently by any British administration as the Italo-Abyssinian dispute by the National Government. If it is contrary to our interests that the Italians should gain control of Abyssinia, then Signor Mussolini should have been told in

January last, when he first mentioned the matter, that an Italian invasion of Abyssinia would be regarded as a *casus belli*. If we are only acting as a member of the League of Nations, why have we allowed ourselves to become principals in the controversy? It is little wonder that it is being stated abroad that the National Government, panic-stricken at the result of the Peace Ballot, has deliberately over-called its hand for the sake of conciliating Left Wing opinion before the General Election.

To some extent the present situation is the legacy of Sir John Simon, and during the course of the election campaign it is to be hoped that he will be asked whether or not he said anything to Signor Mussolini at Stresa about British objections to the Italian policy in Abyssinia. If he did, then what was the line he took? If he did not, then why did he preserve silence when by speaking he might have prevented a crisis? One is tempted to the conclusion that he and Mr. MacDonald thought the Duce was bluffing. Having bluffed so long themselves, they perhaps found it difficult to believe that a modern statesman could be in earnest.

Playing to the Left

THE fundamental reason for the tergiversations of the National Government is to be found in its desire to please the Left. From the moment that it won the greatest electoral victory in British history it has done everything it can to placate the Liberals and Socialists at the expense of the Conservatives, and this policy has been followed alike in foreign, domestic, and Imperial affairs. Ministers have always danced to the piping of revolutionaries and cranks, until to-day they are apparently ready at the bidding of the T.U.C. to see the youth of the country mown down on the battlefield in a crusade against Fascism.

Those who helped to return the National Government four years ago little thought to see it co-operating with

Moscow, or to hear Mr. Baldwin expressing his gratitude to the Socialists for their support, or to find its adherents in the Press gleefully predicting a victory for the Left in the coming French elections. It is no exaggeration to say that the British Foreign Office is to-day regarded as an ally by every disruptive force in Europe. In these circumstances some of us may perhaps be excused if we do not find the Government's election programme very convincing, and if we propose to refrain from voting for those candidates who are prepared to support it. Once bitten, twice shy, is a very good political maxim.

The Greek Monarchy

EVENTS have been moving very fast in Greece, and that country has now reverted to the monarchical form of government : a plebiscite is to be held on November 3rd to ratify the change. It is many centuries since Greece gave Europe a political lead, and that she has at last done so again is a happy augury for her future. Had the Italo-Abyssinian dispute not been monopolizing public attention, the overthrow of a republic would have been accorded greater publicity. It supplies the answer to those who have so loudly proclaimed that hereditary monarchy is a thing of the past. The Greeks have experimented with republicanism and dictatorship, and have returned to their King. The example will not be lost upon other nations similarly situated.

It is also interesting to note the effect upon the Left. Earlier in the present year, it will be remembered, that great Liberal statesman, M. Venizelos, resorted to force in order to negative the votes of the majority of his fellow-countrymen, but the revolt was happily crushed by the Government. More recently, the Venizelists have shown the purity of their political principles by combining with the Communists, so that General Condylis has every authority for saying that the choice before Greece is the King or anarchy. This tendency of Liberals and Socialists to move to the Left in adversity is a marked

characteristic of the age, and it is further proof, if such were needed, of the hollowness of their constitutional professions.

Great Britain and Greece

THE restoration of King George II has far more than a passing interest for this country. It means that the ruler of Greece will henceforth be a firm friend of Britain, and we are not likely to have too many friends in the Mediterranean in future. As a nation, we have always been too inclined to ignore those who wish us well, and then, in the hour of crisis, to be surprised that they do not rush to our aid. With the creation of a large German *bloc* virtually an accomplished fact, and the adhesion of Italy to it by no means improbable, the friendship of Greece is essential if the line of communication to the East is not to be interrupted.

Whether we like it or not, circumstances have rendered it inevitable that Greece must take the place of Italy in our international calculations, for the support of one Mediterranean Power is essential, and republican Spain is too rent by internal divisions to play such a part. At the same time, one good turn deserves another, and if we want the Greeks to help us, we must be prepared to help them. One way to do this would be by increasing Greek commercial credit facilities here; Germany is prepared to do business with Greece on very favourable terms to the latter, and we cannot afford to sit still and do nothing.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

***Edited by* HUGH KINGSMILL**

CONTENTS

Literary Notes	*By Hugh Kingsmill*
The Road to Glory	*By R. B. Mowat*
Fiction	*By R. Millar*
Lunn and Haldane	*By Arnold Wilson*
The Four Georges	*By E. Eardley Simpson*
Germany's Darkest Hour	*By Sir Charles Petrie*
Roman Imperialism	*By G. R. Stirling Taylor*
The Thinning Potato	*By Kenneth Hare*
Books Recommended.	

Literary Notes

By Hugh Kingsmill

Charles Doughty

IN "Charles Doughty: A Study of his Prose and Verse" (Cape. 10s. 6d.), Miss Anne Treneer has written an interesting well-balanced book on Doughty's use of language. Miss Treneer is not fanatical on behalf of Doughty's attempt to enrich modern English by reviving obsolete words and introducing words from local dialects. "His most moving poetry," she says, "is in words not obsolete." But even when Doughty is using familiar words he puts them together in a creaking tortuous way. He was a man of withdrawn and dignified character, and his wanderings in Arabia gave him an air of mystery which he was too sincere and unworldly to

exploit. But a man may wander in Arabia, or campaign in Arabia, without being transformed into a great writer. The fact that he has been driven so far afield in the search for something to unify his emotions is in itself an indication that there is some impediment in his nature to a free expression of his genius. Doughty's explorations, both in Arabia and in the English language, sprang from something unresolved in his temperament. Great literature is produced only by writers who can feel both clearly and deeply, and such writers will transmute the language of their day into literature, however debased it may be by current usage.

The poetry that has survived from our past is the poetry which expresses universal emotions in familiar language; for example, Clerk Saunders—

> Clerk Saunders and May Margaret
> Walked o'er yon garden green.
> And deep and heavy was the love
> That fell thir twa between.

Clerk Saunders would long since have been forgotten if its author had strewn it with the words Doughty excavated with such trouble—" scrat, showl, miniver, mullock, grig, drey, treen, cribble, skinker, scrogs " and the rest.

In defence of the obscurity of many modern poets, we are told that Donne was equally obscure to his contemporaries. But what we remember of Donne are not his conceits, but such lines as—

> All day the same our postures were,
> And we said nothing, all the day.

And—

> Or as I'd watched one drop in the vast stream,
> And I left wealthy only in a dream.

The fact that there is a great deal of false simplicity in Tennyson and other Victorian poets is not a valid reason why there should be a great deal of genuine obscurity in

modern verse. Great poetry always consists of ordinary words transfigured by extraordinary emotion—" I cannot but remember such things were, Which were most precious to me". " Thou the golden fruit dost bear, I am clad in flowers fair." " Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine". The greatest thought, too, however far it may be beyond the understanding of most men, is always expressed in familiar language—" Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Heine and Humbert Wolfe

HUMBERT WOLFE'S translations from Heine (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.) are the best which have yet appeared. This in itself is small praise, for nearly all translations from Heine have been doggerel, and even Mr. Wolfe's are, with a few exceptions, far from satisfactory. One feels, however, that Mr. Wolfe, unlike his predecessors, could translate Heine well, if he were more alive to the faults he ought to avoid. Heine always expresses himself simply, whether he is at his best or his worst, and Mr. Wolfe, who resembles Heine in several respects, ought to have made the most resolute effort to be as simple as Heine, for it is only Heine's simplicity of expression which saves the rather artificial emotionalism of his early verse from being wearisome. Is there any reason why Mr. Wolfe should write—

> In twilight meditation—
> a pale and petalled nun—
> the lotus baulks the splendid
> addresses of the sun.

when he might have kept much closer to the original by writing—

> The lotus flower trembles
> Before the burning sun,
> And with bowed head she slumbers
> Until the day is done.

When Mr. Wolfe is not too elaborate, he is apt to be too emphatic—

> In May the wonder-lovely month
> when buds are green as clover,
> love in the darkness of my heart
> went up and out and over.

This last line suggests a forward movement of Italian tanks on perceiving a number of aged Abyssinian women armed with stakes torn from a palisade. Mr. Wolfe is also too much inclined to sacrifice the sense to the rhyme. "Gay as Julius Cæsar" is an odd version of "happy as a king." It is perhaps worth pointing out that in the last verse of the Pilgrimage to Kevlaar, Mr. Wolfe has made great sacrifices on behalf of a rhyme which ungenerously refuses to put in an appearance.

Heine is often colloquial, and a prudent translator will therefore avoid colloquialisms when Heine has seen no need for them. "Ich grolle nicht" is meant to suggest Heine's majestic silence in the presence of his broken heart. Mr. Wolfe renders it—

> "I grumble not, and though the heart be shot
> to pieces, my lost love, I grumble not."

It was perhaps only the necessity to find a rhyme for "shot" which saved Mr. Wolfe from "I do not grouse."

All these flaws would not be worth pointing out if Mr. Wolfe had not shown in several instances that he is extraordinarily well qualified to reproduce Heine's simplicity, humour, and charm. For humour Mr. Wolfe has bettered the original in—

> The cowards in the cabin
> outshriek the screaming foam,
> but I confront the weather—
> and wish I were at home.

For charm and simplicity he has almost equalled Heine in one of his most delightful verses—

> The spices of the Ganges,
> the immemorial trees,
> the lotus, and the comely
> still folk upon their knees.

If Mr. Wolfe would bring the grace and feeling he shows here to Heine's later and deeper poetry, he would give those who do not know German an adequate idea of the scope of Heine's genius. Heine was much more than a plaintive lyrist of sentimental love, even if he was not, as Professor Saintsbury once called him, " as genial if not as unsophisticated as Homer, as deep if not as high and pure as Dante, as unique if not as universal as Shakespeare."

Shorter Notices

ANTHONY HOPE and his Books. Being the Authorised Life of Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins. By his friend, Sir Charles Mallet (Hutchinson. 18s.). If Pilate were living today, he would probably come very quickly to the conclusion that truth was anything omitted from an authorised biography. He might, however, make an exception in favour of Sir Charles Mallet's life of Anthony Hope, for Anthony Hope seems to have kept his recklessness for his delightful romances, and his prudence for his ordinary existence. The panorama of his life, as unfolded in this very readable book, includes Asquith, Jowett, Balfour, Sir James Barrie, and many other notable if not particularly Ruritanian figures.

" Looking Backwards and Forwards." By George Lansbury. (Blackie and Sons. 8s. 6d.) George Lansbury is so benign, whether he is looking backwards or forwards, that one wishes he would occasionally look sideways. Lenin he describes as " the wisest and most simply single-minded man I ever met " ; and he heaves a sigh over the " grave disservice " done to Christian Socialism by the failure of the directors of the *Daily Herald* to appoint Frank Harris as editor.

The Road to Glory

THE ROAD TO GLORY. By BRITTEN AUSTIN. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

THE aim of this novel, which is of an unusual type, is stated in the brief but impressive preface. The author writes: "In a moment of high-soaring ambition it occurred to me that it would be interesting to see Napoleon's First Italian Campaign, that marvellous prelude to a career which is still an unmatched prodigy, exactly as the young General Bonaparte himself saw it. At any rate it would be interesting to make the attempt to do so." The result has gained a warm tribute as a piece of military narrative from Captain Liddell Hart, and this guarantee everybody will naturally accept. The narrative is, in fact, a very spirited and detailed, yet vivid and lucid account, almost day by day, of that wonderful campaign of 1796 in North Italy which so astonished the contemporary world and has fascinated millions of students, as well as military men, ever since.

The author has dealt with his subject in what may be called a thoroughly personal manner; that is to say, tells his story largely by way of conversations or remarks, and of pen-portraits of the characters. The book is quite a gallery in itself. Augereau, Sérurier, Masséna, Laharpe, as well as General Bonaparte himself, stand out very solidly from the canvas. Mr. Britten has the merit or making his characters real and of making his story live. The army moves and the men fight not like chessmen or mere symbols, but as living and speaking people. The style of writing is clear, firm, dignified. The book is a vivid piece of historical imagination, based on accurate historical knowledge of the subject.

As a historical novel, it must be judged to be outside the regular tradition. It can scarcely be said to have a plot. It is a few months of Bonaparte's life. It begins with his going to Italy almost immediately after his marriage with Josephine. It chronicles and analyses his separation from her. It gives the skirmishes and battles in detail down to the entry into Milan. And it concludes with Josephine's disappointing reception of Bonaparte when at last they meet again. It has not, like the traditional historical novel from Scott to Stanley Weyman, an idealized love-story, a clean, innocent romance woven into it. But there is much about the sex-psychology and something of the sex-experience of Bonaparte in it, and personally I regret this very much. As regards the introduction of this material into the novel, I feel as Sainte-Benne did regarding its copious introduction

into Rousseau's *Confessions*: " L'erreur de Rousseau n'a pas été de croire qu'en se confessant ainsi tout haut devant tous, il faisait une chose unique ou même une chose des plus curieuses pour l'étude du cœur humaine; son erreur a été de croire qu'il faisait une chose *utile*."

R. B. MOWAT.

Fiction

BLOW FOR BALLOONS. By W. J. TURNER. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)
INTRODUCING THE ARNISONS. By EDWARD THOMPSON. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
FLOWER POT END. By R. H. MOTTRAM. (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)
THE FROZEN HEART. By MRS. ST. LOE STRACHEY. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)
AND LASTLY THE FIREWORKS. By JOHN PUDNEY. (Boriswood. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. W. J. TURNER'S " Blow for Balloons " is described as his first novel, and it may as well be included among novels for lack of any more precise category in which to fit it. Actually, it is a long dissertation on men and things, strung on to the fanciful history of the Airbubble family, one of whom went to China in the early nineteenth century to sell balloons. It was to be expected that Mr. Turner's balloons would be full of hot air, but mixed up with a good deal of *blague* is a certain amount of intuitive wisdom and some passages of superb description. The latter part of the book is a more or less straightforward, and extremely attractive, account of the author's early years in Melbourne. It contains some of the best descriptions of the Australian bush I have ever read.

Like the South African, Roy Campbell, whom Mr. Turner resembles considerably on other counts, the author is for " the man of race " as opposed to the " man of intellect." He is a romantic, loathing the well-worn and the well-charted; regretting the world of Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper, the opportunities for resource and endurance, the supreme enchantment of discovering a land untrodden by man. " Long before most of you are dead," he cries, " it will be impossible to read on any map the words ' desert,' ' unknown country,' ' impenetrable forest ' or ' waterless region.' In place of these names of hope and inspiration you will only be able to read: ' first-class hotel,' ' electric

power station,' 'refuse dump,' 'Jewish cemetery' and 'large asylum for the insane.'"

Few books as personal as this one can escape irritating the reader unless the author possesses very unusual charm, and charm is a quality Mr. Turner would scorn to exercise. A prolonged shout is apt to turn into a scream. But to all those who like to hear an authentic voice and not a gramophone record, this book can be thoroughly recommended.

Mr. Thompson's "Introducing the Arnisons" is a worthy but inevitably depressing piece of work. It is a study of English Nonconformity during the later nineteenth century, exactly the same *milieu* which Mr. Herbert Palmer recently described in "The Mistletoe Child." To the drabness which always accompanied a sincere practice of the Nonconformist ideals, the personal tragedy of the Arnisons adds a discomfort which would be intolerable in a writer less mellow and sane than Mr. Thompson. Mrs. Arnison, the widow of a minister, struggling to bring up a family on a miserable pittance without losing caste, is a noble figure without ceasing to be a human being. The Arnisons, despite all their troubles, loved each other and did laugh sometimes. The picture of a well known Nonconformist school is ghastly, but, as Mr. Thompson points out, it was no worse than most of the wealthier and more famous foundations at the time. Readers born into the drinking classes are apt to congratulate themselves on having escaped Victorian Nonconformity, but the social critic will notice with regret that the level of our integrity has sensibly lowered with its eclipse.

"Flower Pot End" is also written in the minor key, but here the note is elegiac. Mr. Mottram has written stronger and more vital books; I don't know that he has written any more attractive and, in its own way, satisfying, than this slender story of the passing of one way of living. "Flower Pot End," a derelict corner of Mr. Mottram's "Easthampton," picturesque, insanitary and inconvenient, housing odd little shops whose owners lived over them, is an epitome of the small man's England, doomed to be swept aside for the arterial road, the barracks of flats and the chain store. The Reverend Edmund Curtice, who believed that the cure of souls was more important than the washing of bodies; his housekeeper, Rose, who could only love once and for ever; his scapegrace brother, and the rest of them are characters superficially conventional but inwardly real. I did not find the rather melodramatic end convincing, and I was occasionally suspicious

of the scapegrace brother's charm. Mr. Mottram might have taken a little more trouble with the plot, but the mood of the book at least is sincerely felt and recorded.

There is no feeling whatever in "The Frozen Heart," which might with more accuracy be called "The Frozen Word." Mrs. St. Loe Strachey possesses prodigious knowledge and industry, and as a reconstruction of English upper-class social life in the early nineteenth century her book is admirable. In the first part, the completeness with which the scene is drawn triumphs over the rather stilted style and the imperfect characterization, but when the heroine goes to France, and gets caught up with Lamartine in the 1848 revolution, the most faithful documentation cannot disguise the absence of the power to convey drama and passion.

The writer of "And Lastly the Fireworks" has the purely literary gift in greater measure than any of the foregoing authors, with the exception of Mr. Turner. He has an unaffected style, the power to etch a character in a line and a-half, subtlety, humour, poetry and dash. And the sum of it is just nothing at all. These stories illumine nothing but a restless, purposeless and bored world, populated by inarticulate spirits to whose feeble writhings the writer's art lends a delusive significance. The fireworks leave nothing but powder and smoke, and a rather acrid taste in the mouth.

R. MILLAR.

Lunn and Haldane

SCIENCE AND THE SUPERNATURAL. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.).

"Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere."—Ps. 126.

IN this well-indexed volume of 400 pages, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, a Professor of Biochemistry, debates and exchanges fifteen letters over a period of three years with Arnold Lunn, some four years his senior. The antagonists are evenly matched: the publishers have given them plenty of room, and the discussion, which is inevitably discursive, traverses more fully than any work published of recent years the scientific case and the philosophical case for and against Christian doctrine.

Professor J. B. S. Haldane, who is well known to English listeners, regards it as likely that "the present alarming condition

of the human race" is due to the fact that few agree with him. That is a very ancient belief, tenaciously held by philosophers and rulers, who have always been "alarmed" at the refusal of their fellows to adopt their own outlook.

Arnold Lunn is less concerned to defend the Christian faith, as taught by the Church of Rome, than to question the validity of much that is taught as "science" to-day. In common with many persons who have studied the question he regards the scientific evidence in support of miracles—cases of interference in the routine of nature by God—as at least as conclusive as that which scientists find acceptable in their own studies. He gives scientific reasons for believing in immortality, and for regarding as invalid certain scientific dogmas so long axiomatic that the time is almost ripe, even in scientific circles, for their relegation to the grade of postulate, if no lower. "Science" has in the last fifty years overthrown so many scientific ideas that plain men are justified in preferring the teaching of their own heart to many of the wordy dogmas that chase each other through scientific text-books, and in an instinctive feeling that, to adapt a phrase of Dr. Johnson, it is better to err with Christendom than to think correctly with "scientists" who, even in the last few decades have persecuted and reviled most of the pioneers in their ranks—Lister, Barker (with Axham), and Spahlinger.

Professor Haldane writes as an atheist: he attacks "Bishops"—without specifying to which confession they belong. He quotes texts from scripture (e.g. "he that believeth not shall be damned") without adequate study of the authority for the text, still less of its context, and refers to "the myth of Genesis" as if those whose self-appointed spokesman he is, and not Saint Augustine, had been the first to proclaim to the world that the stories of Genesis were but "allegory in the form of a story." He attacks the B.B.C. for having failed to give adequate time for their purpose to those who would attack Christianity. Content himself "to accept the possibility" that he himself may be only "a convenient abstraction," he ridicules those who believe that "Faith" is a virtue. His good-tempered letters breathe a confident dogmatism; those of Mr. Lunn a happy certitude. Though the combatants have got nearer to each other in this book than any within the present reviewer's recollections, there is, even on this earth, a great gulf fixed between them. Their respective temperaments and environments have served to accentuate differences brought about by study and by training.

"Scientists," writes Professor Haldane, "took over from theologians the job" (of interpreting the universe) less than a century ago. The antithesis between science and theology is false. For many centuries the two were identical and the scientific mind was at work, in a religious atmosphere, from the days of Sumer and Accad onwards. Geology was sponsored by eminent theologians. Linnæus placed over the door of his lecture room the words, "Recte vivite. Numen adest."

Christ himself said (John xvii), "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now. Howbeit, when the Spirit of Truth is come he shall guide you . . . he shall glorify me."

A Protestant and a Modernist may feel as he reads these pages that Mr. Lunn would have been on stronger ground had he recognized more explicitly that religious beliefs do not depend upon the validity of scientific postulates. "Catholics," he writes truly, "are free to accept or reject any form of evolution, but . . . scientists have a very different opinion of what constitutes adequate evidence." He does not, however, emphasize the strength of the argument from experience in matters of religious belief as compared with the reliance of the scientist on the processes of disputation and the observation, by imperfect instruments, of uncertain and variable phenomena. In the words of Ecclesiasticus xxxvii: "Let the counsel of thine own heart stand, for there is no man more faithful unto thee than it. For a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit alone in a high tower."

ARNOLD WILSON.

The Four Georges

THE FOUR GEORGES. A REVALUATION. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, Bt., F.R.Hist.S. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d. net.)

To write of the first four sovereigns of the House of Hanover is not, in itself, an inspiring subject for, taken as a sequence, they form a quartette unequalled in the long line of England's Kings. The first was at best a cuckold and at worst a murderer; the second was no less fitly the son of his father than the progenitor of "poor Fred" and the Butcher; the third was most safe when he was least sane; the fourth was

such a prodigy of iniquity as to defy all the epithets of invective. But the sub-title of Sir Charles Petrie's book supplies the key to its real aim; it is a "Revaluation" of over a century of English History. The brilliant propaganda of Macaulay and the calmer prose of Hallam are no longer accepted without question as the final verdict of History on the Glorious Revolution and the Protestant Succession; there is a different side to that Whiggish picture, and no contemporary writer has done more than Sir Charles Petrie to clean the canvas and to paint on it something more like reality. That good work is continued in this Revaluation; all the results of modern research have been used to give a view of a calamitous century which it will be hard to explain away. In his recent book on Queen Anne, Professor Trevelyan has tried to keep the flag of Whiggery flying, but all he can urge for the Hanoverian Hegemony is that it established the rule of the law of liberty. One is tempted to wonder whether it did, and, if so, was it worth the cost?

It was a peculiar law of liberty which relied on Long Parliaments crowded with pensioners, a standing army backed by hired aliens, a Press controlled by the pillory, and young girls flogged to bloody insensibility—but that was only part of the story. It has been well said that an Oligarchy is never safe until it has enslaved the souls of its subjects, and in this the Whigs almost succeeded. The gag for the priests, guineas for the politicians and gin for the people—such were the prescriptions of the witch doctors of Whiggery, and the measure of their success lies in the fact that while they turned a buccaneer into a bishop, they drove Wesley from the Established Church and made England safe for the Enclosures and the Slums.

This so-called rule of law was the triumph of Order over Justice, and it was only the private virtues of "Farmer George," coupled with the preaching of Wesley and the policy of Pitt, that prevented a downward rush to destruction and revolution. It was in some approximation to the "Old Interest" of the King and the People that safety was found at last, and from the end of the Georges there was but a short passage until the accession of Victoria rescued the Monarchy from hatred and disgust. In the meantime, the materialist reaction from Stuart idealism had done irreparable harm to the face of England and to the soul of its people; after that squalid high-noon of the Duke, the Deist and the demi-mondaine it is sufficiently remarkable that Disraeli found anything left to defend; even he

had to clutch Toryism from the embraces of Oligarchy and to overthrow the leadership of the Duke of Cumberland. Sir Charles Petrie has given some of his best work in "The Four Georges," and no one who wishes to understand the new Historical Learning should fail to read it.

E. EARDLEY SIMPSON.

Germany's Darkest Hour

GUSTAV STRESEMANN: HIS DIARIES, LETTERS, AND PAPERS. Edited by ERIC SUTTON. Vol. I. (Macmillan. 25s.)

IT is only six years since Stresemann died, but it might as well be sixty for all that is remembered of him by the world at large. The Weimar Republic (and everything for which it stood) seems to belong to a distant past, not least because it has become utterly foreign to the mentality of the German people. Like the July monarchy in France, it is the one régime which evokes no regrets. There are opponents of Hitler who want the rule of the Sickle and Hammer; others would welcome the return of the Hohenzollerns; and a few perhaps sigh for a revival of the Holy Roman Empire; but none mourns the Reich of Ebert. Stresemann is as forgotten as Hertzberg.

There is, indeed, no particular reason why he should be remembered. Revolutions invariably bring the scum to the surface, and that in Germany at the end of the war was no exception. Stresemann was not, indeed, scum, but he only shone by comparison with those who were. His chief claims to distinction were the organization of resistance to the French occupation of the Ruhr, the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, and the famous lunch with Briand at Thoiry, but they all ended in failure. When one thinks of the Duc de Richelieu, who had a similar part to play in France during the years that followed Waterloo, one realizes how small a man was Stresemann.

Nevertheless, whatever view may be taken of the subject of this work, the work itself gives a remarkably clear picture of Germany during the post-war period. It shows a state of depression which, in a proud people, was bound to result in such a reaction as we are witnessing to-day, but which, had the country possessed a leader worthy of the name, might well have taken a less exaggerated form. The politicians were trying to work a

Parliamentary System in which they did not really believe, and which the German people did not understand. There was a complete lack of authority in the very country that requires it most.

Stresemann, to give him his due, realized this, and to the day of his death he was a monarchist, but he never made the slightest attempt to put his theories into practice. At the same time he deserves praise for enabling the Crown Prince to return to Germany, and his defence of the latter is well worth quoting :—

"I know the Crown Prince very well. I will not remind you that since the war he has become a man of middle age, a man that well knows the burden of responsibility; nor will I remind you that at the Battle of the Marne he begged his father to make peace. I will not speak of the part he played during the war. I will merely say that the world can hardly have a more distorted picture of any man in his position than of him. I will answer for him. History teaches us never to judge a future Ruler by his life as heir to the throne. What sort of picture would the world have had of Edward VII if he had died as Prince of Wales? And what a difference there was between King Frederick the Great and the Crown Prince Frederick! The flute-player and the dandy showed the stuff he was made of when the moment came for him to assume responsibility."

This book should be read, not for the importance of Stresemann, but because it depicts so clearly the background of the Nazi revolution.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Roman Imperialism

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY, Vol. X. The Augustan Empire 44 B.C.–A.D. 70. (Cambridge University Press. 37s. 6d.)

THIS volume of the "Cambridge Ancient History" covers a period which is, roughly, two thousand years ago. Its pages give more pertinent and more penetrating information concerning the present condition of Europe than can be discovered in most of our morning newspapers. Nearly two thousand years ago Augustus was laying the foundations of the Roman Empire; to-day, Signor Mussolini has, more or less frankly, announced that his hope is to revive this ancient power. He began by uncovering the Imperial *forum*, described in this volume; at the moment of writing he is engaged in a defiant attempt to seize a strategic position on the other side of the Mediterranean, just as two thousand years ago one of the first necessities of the earlier Empire builders was to seize control of Egypt. Politicians babble

and diplomats intrigue, and both pass away from the scene of their little triumphs and their ridiculous blunders; but the subject-matters of their squabbles would seem to regard them with changeless contempt. Thus, in this volume, writing of a time when the governor of Egypt was the friend of Virgil, Abyssinia (or Ethiopia as it was then called) is described as "a loose organization of desert tribes which, though not powerful, was a potential source of trouble." The journalist or diplomat who had telegraphed that sentence home to his newspaper or Foreign Office, even a year ago, would have been regarded now as a peculiarly bright prophet.

Again, the problem of dictatorship is now one of the most urgent public problems. There are some Englishmen who regard it as more important than the Test Matches. In this Cambridge volume we have a brilliant statement of the most enormous dictatorial attempt the world has seen. We are told of the methods by which Augustus built up his power; and it is interesting to note that, being a wise man and a gentleman, he never used force if he could get what he wanted in any other way. The ideal he put before him was peace, *immensa Romanæ pacis majestas*, "the unthinkable majesty of Roman peace." The dictators who glory in war are the raw youths of their profession.

But still more interesting than the methods by which the Augustan Empire was founded, we have here the story of its results. Augustus was a great citizen of the world; as rulers go, a wise and a good man; yet in estimating the value of his political structure we cannot forget the fact that his third successor to the Imperial throne was chosen, not by a dignified political machine, but by the happy chance that some soldiers of the Pretorian Guard discovered Claudius hiding in a corner of the palace. And the strange thing is that this Imperial "pick up" was one of the best of his set. But surely this method of selection seems nearer anarchy than an established political system.

Anyhow, before we start guessing what will happen to Signor Mussolini's dictatorship, it will be most helpful to know what, in fact, was the result of the attempt of Augustus. Facts are so much more convincing than theories.

It is exceedingly interesting to note that there were wise Romans who had grave doubts as to the value of their Imperialism. At least, Pliny wrote: *Vincendo victi sumus; paremus externis;* which means, in more breezy language: The colonial tail is now wagging the Roman dog; this is most disturbing for poor old Fido.

The citizen who neglects to read this volume will miss all the latest information on current European affairs, and, of course, scholarship of the highest rank.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

The Thinning Potato

GOOD SOUPS. By AMBROSE HEATH. (Faber & Faber. 2s. 6d. net.)
GOOD POTATO DISHES. By AMBROSE HEATH. (Faber & Faber. 2s. 6d. net.)

To the man in the street soup is of two varieties—thick and clear. To the man in the field-path there is but one kind. It is called "Soup," and it is clear—and though now and again in the more ostentatious style of country inn, it may masquerade under the saintly name of "Julienne," experience shows it to be just "soup" as usual, salt, brown, and wet. Let Mr. Heath remedy this disastrous state of affairs, with his admirable, and admirably-produced volume, "Good Soups." This excellent work, at the exceedingly reasonable price of half-a-crown, will prove a boon to all who desire a healthful variety of soup at meals. Where tastes are simple, the soup may well prove the whole meal, and this book is the more welcome since there is nothing recondite about it. Everybody possessed of a patch of kitchen garden or allotment, whether in the country or a suburb, may proceed to prepare and enjoy soups which will be the more appetising from the fact that the vegetable ingredients are home-grown and fresh. Here are a few herbs which Mr. Heath lists as of importance in soup-making. They will grow, so far as my experience goes, almost anywhere. They are thyme, basil, marjoram, chervil, chives, sorrel and bayleaves. Of these, thyme, basil and bayleaves may, for greater convenience, be procured dried, but they are hardy growers, and there is nothing which can be obtained dried which does not possess a finer flavour when picked fresh. Many of Mr. Heath's recipes are "still fragrant of the peasant kitchens which saw their birth." Such are his leek and sorrel soup, both of which I associate with Flanders, a land where the art of soup-making attains perfection.

To judge from the paintings of Hogarth and Rowlandson, our ancestors were trenchermen who plied knife and fork with gusto. If a fellow's figure interfered with his enjoyment of a good dinner, it might go to the Devil! It was excellent to resemble the beau-

tiful Apollo, but a deuced sight more comfortable to play havoc with the dishes and push the flask about, although the result might be Silenus in a wig. To-day the mode remains at slimming, and æsthetic considerations have weight. But there is one unlooked for consolation. There is virtue in the potato. The doctors who but now bade us fly the fattening tuber as though it were the plague, discover that it is thinning! Perhaps our medical Vicars of Bray will rediscover the virtues of port. In my undergraduate days, they advised me to drink port to give me tone. I thanked them for their advice, but refrained from informing them that the recommendation was abundantly superfluous. An excellent thing about Mr. Heath's recipes is their practicality. When in doubt as to the manner in which to use up the cold meat, mince it finely and stuff a potato with it. " The simplest form is the baked potato, of which the skins are either scooped out and made to hold the stuffing, or the potatoes are cut in half after cooking, and the halves used as receptacles. Very often these are merely filled with the pulp nicely mashed with butter and perhaps cream, possibly an egg, maybe a flavouring of cheese or herbs or curry powder. . . ." We need such books as Mr. Heath's to meet changed conditions. I have beside me the " 366 Menus " of classic Baron Brisse. Writing in the latter half of the last century, he tacitly postulates one cook at very least, a butler, a prodigious kitchen fire, and a gargantuan workshop of apparatus. I fancy the Homeric creature never knew what it was to sit down to fewer than six or seven courses. Mr. Heath, on the other hand, befriends the housewife who commands no services but her own, and those of a simple gas-cooker.

KENNETH HARE.

Books Recommended

THE FOOL. By ENID WELSFORD. (Faber and Faber. 18s.)

A.E. SELECTED POEMS. (Macmillan. 5s.)

EDMUND CAMPION. By EVELYN WAUGH. (Longmans. 6s.)

LEADERS, DREAMERS AND REBELS. By R. FULOP-MILLER. (Harrap. 18s.)

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA. By GEORGE SLOCOMBE. (Nicholson and Watson. 15s.)

RICHARD CROMWELL. By R. W. RAMSEY. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

THE MEN FROM THE MOUNTAIN, AND OTHER POEMS. By NORAH NISBET. (Blackwell. 5s.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THE War and "Sanctions" hold the stage, and it seems, unless "Sanctions" are in force quickly and with some strength, the war will be over before anything practical has been achieved. There is no denying the strong strategic position of the Italian forces. With their vital right flank extended over the Barraka-Gash Valley, covering their main sources of supplies and base headquarters, and, at the same time, threatening the Gondar region, Northern Abyssinia is well held, which will allow the thrusts southwards from Assab and northwards from Italian Somaliland to bear their fruit in due season. Once the Jibuti-Addis Ababa Railway is seized from north and south, not all the "King's horses and all the King's men" can prevent Italy dictating her own terms.

For, in the first place, political disaffections will be certain to arise among the rival Rases, and the Abyssinians of the outer Provinces—never too loyal at the best—will give up. In the second place, advances up the railway by stages with armoured trains and preceded by reconnaissance aeroplanes will effectually defeat any attempts to defend the line; and in the third place, light mountain artillery mounted on trucks will search out the hills far better than bombing planes. The N.W. Frontier of India knows the value of the mountain batteries, and the Italians know well how to handle them.

I can recall the Advance down the line from Murmansk to the lines of Lake Onega in 1919. The last 50 miles was over most difficult country, but the trucks could just hold the kick of a soixante-cinq gun, without going off the rails. A soixante-quinze would have been too big. These little guns did splendid work. The truck came first with the engine pushing behind, and as each threatened section was reached it was effectually shelled and the enemy dispersed. No doubt it will be somewhat tedious reaching Addis Ababa thus, but it can be done, and with greater military safety than any movement over the mountains.

There seems very little probability of many munitions of war reaching Abyssinia. Unless the munitions arrive in the immediate future, it will be too late when the Italians reach the railway. Then the only other channel will be through the Anglo-Egyptian-Soudan frontier. And then these munitions would have to come a long way over the desert, but as things are working out it seems very probable the frontier on the Abyssinian side will be soon in Italian hands—and then good-bye to munitions from that source. Further west and

south is a perfectly hopeless proposition for bringing anything into the country. There are no roads, no tracks even, and vast areas of dense, untrodden tropical forest. From a military point of view Western Abyssinia does not count.

* * *

FILM pictures of an instructive nature are becoming extremely popular. Though taking but a few minutes to show and acting either as introductions to the main picture or welcome interludes, they are to-day a very definite and most fascinating form of cinema education. And not only films of an instructive nature which unfold before our eyes the why's and wherefore's, the reasons and results, the hidden life and active work of so much of interest that goes on around us of which we are almost unconscious, taking for granted that which we should undertand, but films of a beautiful and practical kind showing scenes and cities, sport and romance, London life and country life, little known occupations and lands, present and past incidents, royal and civil ceremonies, in short, that which meets us every day and all day in the columns of the Press with its vivid modern journalism, these moving scenes and happenings are being brought to the notice of the public by the agency of the highest class of short films.

The work which Zenifilms of Regency House, Warwick Street, W., is doing in bringing such pictures on the screen is of considerable national importance and raises the standard of film work to a level which was never dreamed of in the earlier stages of the cinema. In plain language, this remarkable presentation of contemporary history can be aptly described as film journalism. Zenifilms are the agency whose pictures have created, and will continue to create, widespread interest. They carry out ideas which can be developed in many ways. I was looking through a short list of their pictures and began to realize what instruction by the film means. For instance, one-reel featurettes of Canada showing the salmon runs on the Pacific Coast, the work and vicissitudes of lumber camps and log running, an ascent of a Rocky Mountain height, shooting the rapids, lakes in the mountains, and a fisherman's paradise in Algonquin. What a fine conception Canada presents for the would-be traveller and sportsman. New London life by day and night, and what the great markets, fish, meat, flowers and vegetables mean when most of us are asleep, shows a side of life unappreciated because little known. A short film on the dog and another on the horse—our long-nosed friend—means a tremendous lot to animal lovers, as do films that show us the spider's web, the home of the wasp, frog and mole life, the honey for the queen bee, and the ceaseless struggles of the fish which swim around our coast and which we daily eat, but rarely think of except as food. No wonder after seeing these and a multitude of other films of a similar kind endless discussions follow, and in many cases the rising generation are taught to be students of nature as a life hobby, if not life work. Once again we are debtors to Zenifilms for such pictures.

Let me remind all who would love a good picture not to miss seeing "The Rugged Island," a Shetland Lyric which was presented by Zenifilms at the Academy three days ago.

It gives a marvellously realistic idea of the life the Shetland Crofters, their many hardships and trials, combined with those wonderful characteristics of simplicity and sincerity which we, of the modern world, know only too little. It is said that wireless and improved transport is causing the young flock to want to leave their island homes. If so, the world will be the poorer, for the city can never give to human beings the same character of independence as the natural charm of these sea-girt isles teaches.

* * *

WINTER evenings and the pipe! What a companion! I came across the "Hurricane Pipe," which is described as the cleverest pipe ever made. Its proprietors and patentees are Nutt Products, Ltd., W.1, and the pipe is the "products" of four years' research work. The pipe has a specially designed cap, the air flows evenly through the perforated inlets, the tobacco cannot escape, combustion is even, the nicotine is vapourized by ascending into the cap of the pipe, and hence the mouthpiece is always sweet and clean. I cannot imagine a better Christmas present for any man and especially for those who may be far away across the world and to whom presents are being sent very soon. A friend who would never smoke a pipe because of nicotine collecting in the stem has started in his sixtieth year and swears by this new "Hurricane" from which no storm of wind can blow away a single fragment of tobacco.

* * *

I AM wondering whether the Italian officers in Eritrea and Somaliland are quenching their thirst with a little gin, vermouth and soda, so beloved of British officers in the Sudan. If so, I recommend the shipment of Cock, Russells famous "Fontorice," French vermouth. It is a product of Cinzano, Turin, but only made in France. Perhaps if the Abyssinians have any minor successes they may seize a cask. And over a drink in the sizzling heat peace may come. Good cheer is a good "politician."

* * *

ORANGES and grape-fruit are now available all the year round. At one time we had to wait till Christmas for oranges, but the South African growers supply us with all we need for autumn and early winter, and the first consignment of grape-fruit has arrived from Jaffa. Last year the grape-fruit arrived much later than this. Our troops abroad as well as home are now regularly supplied with both oranges and grape-fruit. Hence their health record.

LONDON.

SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON.
Telephone: Temple Bar 4343.

PICCADILLY HOTEL. Regent 8000. Tels.: Piqudillo. Cabaret and Dancing in Restaurant and Grill. Restaurant Dinner or Supper 10/6. Grill Dinner 7/6. Supper 5/6 or à la carte. Evening Dress not essential in Grill.

HOTEL YORK, Berners Street, W.1.
Telephone: Museum 6862-3-4-5.

GREAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL, Paddington Station, W.2.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, Hart Street, W.C.1. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8/6 per night. Phone: Holborn 3646. Tels.: "Bookcraft, London."

THACKERAY HOTEL, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Facing British Museum. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room & Breakfast from 8/6. 'Phone: Museum 1230.

ROYAL COURT HOTEL, Sloane Square, S.W.1. Sloane 9191. Renowned for good Restaurant, 120 rooms with C.Heat.H.& C. water. Fr. 9s. double. Priv. Bath fr. 21s.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, Russell Square. 650 Rooms with H. & C. water. Bath and Breakfast one price only 9/6, Dble 16/6.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1. Running water all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. Mod. Bd. Terms. 'Phone: Museum 1010.

CORA HOTEL, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Running water all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. Mod. Bd. Terms. 'Phone: Museum 4472.

WHITE HALL RESIDENTIAL HOTELS LTD.,
92, LANCASTER GATE, W.2.
Overlooking Hyde Park. P.O. Telephone in every Bedroom. Central Heating. Electric Lift. Garage. Terms from £4 4 0 per week. Telephone: Paddington 2251.

4, MONTAGUE STREET, W.C.1.
Large Private Garden. Adjoining British Museum. Central Heating. Passenger Lift. Terms from £3 13 6 per week. Telephone: Museum 4425.

DE VERE HOTEL Kensington, W. Opposite Palace gardens. Moderate charges.

SCOTLAND.

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN, STIRLINGSHIRE.

ALLAN WATER & SPA HOTEL. H. & C. throughout. An ideal all-the-year-round Resort.

CRIEFF.

DRUMMOND ARMS HOTEL. On the Great North Road to Scottish Highlands. Tels.: "Premier, Crieff."

SCOTLAND—(*continued*).

GLASGOW.

MORE'S HOTEL. Ideal in every respect. Moderate charges.

GULLANE, N.B. (EAST LOTHIAN).

MARINE HOTEL. Opposite Muirfield Golf Course. Hot and Cold water throughout.

BISSET'S FAMOUS GOLFING HOTEL. Beside Golf Courses. Comfortable. 1st. Cl. Excellent Food. Personal Atten. Illus. Tariff on request. A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. 'Ph. 3.

PERTHSHIRE.

KENMORE HOTEL. Golfing, Tennis, Fishing, Motoring. Restful, bracing.

PITLOCHRY.

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL. Nine Lawn Tennis Courts. Grounds 46 acres. Garage 80 cars.

IRELAND.

ACHILL ISLAND (Co. Mayo).

THE VALLEY HOUSE. Fully licensed. Own Golf. Tennis. Lake and Sea Fishing. Bathing.

SEASIDE.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

HOTEL RIPOSO. Facing Sea. Adjoining Golf Links. Tels.: "Riposo, Bexhill." 'Phone: 472.

NORMANHURST HOTEL. Sea front. Gas fires. Lift. Fully licensed. Night Porter. 'Phone 1661.

GRANVILLE HOTEL. Most centrally situated. Moderate charges. 'Phone 1437.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA, THANET.

BERESFORD HOTEL. Golf, Tennis, Sea-water Baths and Electrical Treatment. 'Phone: Birchington 101.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO. Hotel comforts. All Hydro baths and treatments. Lift. 'Phone: 341.

GROSVENOR HOTEL, West Cliff. Central heating; h. and c. water all rooms. Tels.: "Grovenotel." 'Phone: 806.

BROCKENHURST.

BROCKENHURST HOTEL. Tel. 74. Away from noise. Every comfort. Excellent cuisine. Chef. 70,000 acres of forest & moorland. Golf, Hunting. Apply Manageress.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

BRIGHTON.

DUDLEY HOTEL. Adjoining Hove Lawns. Licensed, Lift, Night Porter, H. & C. Water in bedrooms, Central Heating. Bed, Breakfast and Bath 10s. 6d. 'Phone: 4910 Hove. Tels.: Devonian Brighton. Write for tariff, Proprietor.

GRAND HOTEL. Facing sea, covered terrace. Best Family. From 6 guineas week, inclusive.

HOTEL CURZON. Facing sea. Licensed. Quiet. Lift. Moderate terms. 'Phone: 5314 Brighton.

OLD SHIP HOTEL. On the Sea Front. Garage. From 5½ gns. weekly. 'Phone: 2031.

ROYAL CRESCENT HOTEL. Unrivalled situation. Unique marine views. Moderate charges.

BUDE (Cornwall).

MAER LODGE HOTEL (Private). Standing in own grounds. Close sea and adjoining Golf Links. Central Heating. H. & C. running water in all Bedrooms. Recommended Winter Residence. 'Phone: Bude 206.

BURNHAM-ON-SEA.

BURNHAM GOLF HOTEL. Close to Famous Links. H. & C. water. Garages. Tennis. 'Phone 142.

DARTMOUTH (Devon).

THE RALEIGH HOTEL. First-class Family. R.A.C. and A.A. Hot and Cold water in all rooms. 'Phone 44.

EASTBOURNE.

ANGLES PRIVATE HOTEL. Sea front. 128 Bedrooms. Dance room. Billiards. Resident Propr. 'Phone: 311.

HOWARD HOUSE HOTEL (Private). Ideal position. 1 min. Sea; Devonshire Park. 'Phone 846.

FALMOUTH (South Cornwall).

FALMOUTH HOTEL. The Finest Hotel on the Cornish Coast. Due South. Sea front. Picturesque scenery. Moderate Tariff. R. J. S. Fields, Manager.

GREENBANK HOTEL. First Class, situated immediately on the water's edge. Overlooking the lovely Harbour, St. Mawes and Pendennis Castles.

FISHGUARD, PEM.

FISHGUARD BAY HOTEL. Adjoining Harbour. 40 bedrooms.

FOWEY (Cornwall).

ST. CATHERINE'S HOTEL. Unique position. Facing Sea. Unlicensed. 27 Bedrooms.

FOLKESTONE.

AVONDALE HOTEL. On sea front facing South. From 5½ guineas. 'Phone 3730. Props., Mr. and Mrs. W. Meadmore.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS.

ADELPHI HOTEL. 100 rooms. H. & C. running water, C. Heating, licensed. From 11/6 daily incl. Garage.

ALBANY HOTEL. A. A. & R. A. C. Finest position on front.

THE NEW QUEEN'S HOTEL. Leading and best. Moderate charges.

YELTON PRIVATE HOTEL. 50 rooms. Next door to Pavilion. Opposite Pier. From 3 gns. Tel.: 614.

HOVE—BRIGHTON.

ST. CATHERINE'S LODGE HOTEL, Kingsway. Facing Sea. H. & C. running water. 50 rooms. Moderate terms. 'Phone: 3404 Hove. Tel.: "Cheerful," Brighton.

HUNSTANTON-ON-SEA.

LE STRANGE ARMS AND GOLF LINKS HOTEL. Close sea. Own Golf Course free. 'Phone: 10.

GOLDEN LION HOTEL. Opposite Pier. 'Phone 18. Hot water in bedrooms. Hard Tennis Courts.

LITTLEHAMPTON.

BEACH HOTEL. Ideal situation facing the South and overlooking sea.

NEWQUAY.

WATERGATE BAY HOTEL (Near Newquay). Finest position on coast. Everything excellent. 'Phone: 25.

PAIGNTON.

REDCLIFFE HOTEL. Best position on sea front. H. & C. water. Central Heating. 'Phone 82533.

PENARTH.

(10 minutes Cardiff.)

ESPLANADE HOTEL. Facing Sea and Pier. H. & C. water in Bedrooms. Excellent Cooking and Wines. Special Residential Terms. 'Phone: 657 & 658. A. E. King, Resident Owner.

RYDE, I.O.W.

ROYAL ESPLANADE HOTEL. Facing Sea and Pier. Tels.: "Band," Ryde. 'Phone: 293.

ST. ANNES-ON-THE-SEA.

GRAND HOTEL. Close to Golf Club and open-air swimming bath. 'Phone: 55.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

ST. IVES (Cornwall).

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL. 75 bedrooms. 100 acres grounds.

HOTEL CHY-AN-ALBANY. A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Bay. Near Beach, Tennis, Golf. 100 Guests. 'Phone: 59.

SHALDON (S. Devon).
(Near Torquay. Near Teignmouth.)

DUNMORE HOTEL. A really First Class Hotel, with all modern conveniences. 'Phone: Shaldon 2.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.

ROYAL SPA HOTEL. Only Hotel on sea front. Terms moderate. Officially appointed A.A. & R.A.C. 'Phone: 67

SIDMOUTH.

BELMONT HOTEL. First-class. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running water and Radiators in Bedrooms.

FORTFIELD HOTEL. Modern. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running water and Radiators. Garage.

VICTORIA HOTEL. First Class. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running Water and Radiators. Lock-up Garage.

SOUTHPORT.

VICTORIA HOTEL. First-class Family. Lifts. Garage. Running water in all Rooms. En Pension from 15s.

TORQUAY.

ARGYLL HALL PRIVATE HOTEL. Overlooking Bay. Magnificent view. Excellent cuisine. For en Pension terms, apply Proprietor. 'Phone: 2268.

GRAND HOTEL. First Class. Best position. Sea Front. Golf 18 holes, Tennis, Squash, etc., free.

OSBORNE HOTEL, TORQUAY. Facing full South and the Sea. Away from all noise and traffic. Fully licensed. Garage for 50 Cars. Illustrated Brochure from Manager.

PALM COURT HOTEL. Level. Sea Front. Fully Licensed. H. & C. Every Modern Comfort. Terms Moderate.

THE BEDFORD PRIVATE HOTEL. Central & restful. Good cuisine. Inclusive from 3 gns. weekly. 'Phone: 3502.

VENTNOR, I.O.W.

BURLINGTON HOTEL. First-class. Facing Sea. Central Heating. Garage. From 9s. per day. 'Phone: 123.

WALMER.

THE FAIR MAID OF KENT HOTEL. H. & C. running water all Bedrooms. Moderate terms. 'Phone 252 Deal.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

WESTWARD HO!

GOLDEN BAY HOTEL. Leading N. Devon Hotel. Facing sea & famous Golf Links. Large garage. 'Phone: 14.

SPAS AND HYDROS.

BATH.

GRAND PUMP ROOM HOTEL. Lifts. Central heating. Intercommunication with Corporation bath. Tel.: "Pumpotel."

SPA HOTEL. Running H. & C. water and Radiators all rooms. Nine acres. Lift. Orchestra. Own Garage. The quietest hotel position in Bath. Telephone 4224-5. Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."

BUXTON.

SPA HOTEL. 240 rooms. H. & C. Water and Radiators. Garage. Tels.: "Comfortable."

EASTBOURNE.

HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHCLIFF. Facing sea and Beachy Head. South aspect. Ballroom. 'Phone: 643.

HARROGATE.

THE CAIRN HYDRO. Luxurious accommodation for 300 guests. Write for illustrated Brochure.

HARROGATE HYDRO. Ideal situation. Accommodation 300. Lift. H. & C. all rooms. Tariff on request. Established 1878.

LEAMINGTON SPA.

ALKERTON PRIVATE HOTEL. South aspects. Comfortable. Moderate Tariff. Garage. R.A.C. 'Phone 510.

MATLOCK.

CHATSWORTH HYDRO. Glorious situation. Nearest Moors and Golf Links. Lift. A.A., R.A.C. 'Phone 9.

SMEDLEY'S.—Gt. Britain's Greatest Hydro, Matlock. For Health, Rest or Pleasure, 270 Bedrooms, grounds 10 acres. Inclusive terms from 13s. per day. Illustrated Prospectus free.

THE LILYBANK HYDRO. R.A.C. Appointed Hotel. Accommodation, 130 Visitors. 6 acres of pleasure gardens. Sun lounge. "Vita" glass. H. and C. water in all bedrooms. Lift. From £3 10s. per week.

WOODHALL SPA.

EAGLE LODGE HOTEL. Fully licensed. Garage.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND COUNTRY.

AYLESBURY (Bucks).

BULL'S HEAD HOTEL. 15th-Century Hostelry. Well known to Motorists. Luncheons. Garage. 'Phone 120.

BEAULIEU, NEW FOREST.

MONTAGU ARMS. 12 miles from Southampton. Thoroughly up-to-date Country Hotel, Oak-panelled, Furnished as Gentleman's Country House. Sunny, warm winter climate. Every Comfort in beautiful setting. Private Suites. Comfortable Lounge. Central Heating. Hot and Cold water in Bedrooms. Electric Light. Garages.

CARDIFF.

ROYAL HOTEL. Close to station. First-class. H. & C. water in Bedrooms. Grill room. Motor omnibus.

CIRENCESTER.

(The town with the sporting atmosphere.)

KING'S HEAD HOTEL. R.A.C., A.A.*** Excellent cuisine. Specially reduced terms for winter months to suit present conditions. H. & C. running water in bedrooms. Hunting, Golf, Tennis (6 hard courts), Squash, Bowls. 'Phone 55.

ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

ROYAL OAK HOTEL, KESWICK-ON-DERWENT-WATER. 70 Bedrooms with H. & C. running water and some with private baths. Suites, Dance Room, Palm Lounge, Lift. Write for Tariff. Telephone 23 and 238.

THE KESWICK HOTEL. First-class. Centre English Lakes. Elec. Lift & Light. Cent. Htg. 'Phone: 20 Keswick.

ARMATHWAITE HALL HOTEL. All modern comforts. Elec. Lift & Light. 'Phone: 20 Bassenthwaite Lake. Proprs.: J. & M. Wivell & Son.

LEWES.

WHITE HART HOTEL. 14th Century. Write for illustrated brochure and Tariff. Hunters & Hacks.

MORETONHAMPSTEAD (Devon).

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL. 200 acres of Park and Pleasure Grounds. Tennis. Croquet. Golf.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND COUNTRY —(*continued*).

PATTERDALE.

ULLSWATER HOTEL. Overlooking Lake. Every Comfort. Free Fishing. Tennis. 'Phone: Glenridding 27.

SALISBURY.

CATHEDRAL HOTEL. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Lift. Rng. h. & c. softened water & radiators in bedrooms. 'Phone: 399 & 830. Props.: Capt. & Mrs. Gilbert King.

WELLS.

SWAN HOTEL. Facing the Cathedral. Garage. Electric Light. Hot and Cold running water. 'Phone: Wells 21.

WITLEY (Surrey).

PINEHURST HEIGHTS HOTEL. Once the home of George Eliot. 3 minutes Witley Station (S. Rly.). Sunny dry climate. Pines, Golf, Tennis. H. & C. water in Bedrooms. R.A.C. A.A. Apply Tariff. Res. Proprs.: Mr. & Mrs. J. T. Hollowell.

WINCHESTER.

GEORGE HOTEL. A.A. appointed. For comfort and good food. 'Phone: 491.

NORTH WALES.

BAY HOTEL, RHOSNEIGR. Facing the sea. Excellent Cuisine. First-class Golf. Tennis, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Dancing. Fully licensed. Electric light and H. & C. water in all rooms. A.A., R.A.C. Telephone: 18.

BANGOR CASTLE HOTEL. 40 Bedrooms with H. & C. water and Central Heating. Oak Lounges, Ball Room, French Chef, Service Garage. Moderate Tariff.

INDIA.

SAVOY HOTEL, Mussoorie.

CARLTON HOTEL, Lucknow.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

FRANCE.

MENTONE.

HOTEL CÔTE D'AZUR (Eng. Propr.). Central, near Sea. Every modern comfort. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

AXENSTEIN.

GRAND HOTEL—PARK HOTEL. On Lake Lucerne. Golf. Swimming Pool. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension terms: **GRAND** from 14.50, **PARK** 10 francs.

ENGADINE.

MALOJA PALACE. Grandest Swiss Alpine Centre. Mountaineering, Golf, Lawn Tennis. Boating, Bathing, Trout Fishing. Theatre, Ball Room and Lounge. All winter sports at their best. Illustrated booklet post free.

SWITZERLAND—(*continued*).

CLARENS—MONTREUX.

Centre for all excursions and sports, **THE GRAND HOTEL LE CLARENS.** Ideal situation. 10s. daily inclusive.

ST. GALL.

HOTEL WALHALLA-TERMINUS. Georges E. Stüheli. Up-to-date. Tels.: "Walhalla, St. Gall." Garage.

BELGIUM.

BRUGES.

MEMLING PALACE HOTEL. Grand Place, nr. famous Belfry. Modern. Rooms with private bathroom.

GERMANY.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NIZZA, WIESBADEN. Prop.: E. Uplegger. Near Casino and English Church. Moderate terms.

EDUCATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

BOYS.

BETHANY SCHOOL, GOUDHURST, KENT. Education thorough; Situation ideal; Sports, Swimming, Scouts. Evangelical tone. 100 boys, 8 to 18. Founded 1866. Fees £72 per year.

CHURCHER'S COLLEGE, PETERSFIELD. Boys 10 to 18. Fees from £72. Public School Education; leaving Exhibitions; O.T.C.; Swimming Bath; Separate Preparatory School.

CLAYESMORE SCHOOL, WINCHESTER. Small Public School for boys. Special individual attention. Splendid grounds and playing fields.

BOYS.

A pioneer school in modern educational method. Moderate fees. Headmaster: Aubrey de Sélincourt, M.A.

HERNE BAY COLLEGE, KENT. School and Higher Certificate. Mechanical Engineering. O.T.C. 120 guineas.

LADYCROSS, SEAFORD, SUSSEX. First-Class R.C. School for Public Schools and R.N. Ideal Buildings. Private Chapel. Teaching by modern individual methods. Many Scholarships gained. "Pre-Prep" Dept. recently opened: entire charge. Apply Headmaster.

EDUCATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—*cont.*

BOYS.

MALSIS PREPARATORY SCHOOL, CROSS HILLS, YORKSHIRE. Boys 7–14. Special features in addition to usual preparation for Public Schools. For Prospectus apply Headmaster.

SANDBACH SCHOOL, CHESHIRE. Founded 1677; Endowed School for boys 8–18; Playing Fields, about 18 acres. Swimming Bath. Fees £69 per annum. Apply Headmaster.

ST. COLUMBA'S COLLEGE, RATHFARNHAM, Co. DUBLIN. Public School (Church of Ireland). Beautifully situated Dublin mountains. Fees £100. Entrance Scholarships June.

THE GRANGE, BECKENHAM, KENT. Preparatory for all Public Schools. Careful individual training. Extensive Sports ground in open country. Unsurpassed health record. Prospectus, Book of Views, &c., from Headmaster.

Special Tuition.

CRANEMOOR, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS. Healthy coaching for Matriculation and all examinations under best possible conditions. New Forest and sea, riding and games. F. Pettipher, B.Sc.

GIRLS.

CHALFONT LODGE, GERRARD'S CROSS, BUCKS. Matriculation. Riding. Good health record.

DUNARDARIGH, NORTH BERWICK. Inspected and recognized by Education Department. Preparation for Examinations. Special attention to health. Situated near Sea and Golf Links. Moderate Fees.

GIRLS.

THE LAURELS, RUGBY. Established 1872. Recognized by the B. of E. Private Boarding School. Graduate Staff. Preparation for University Entrance Examinations. Excellent health and games record. A few scholarships available.

VYNE STRATTON, MICHELDEVER. Residential School. Univ. of Lond., and college entrance exams. Scholarships available (£30 to £60). Beautiful home and grounds: (260 acres). Apply to the Head Mistress.

UPPER CHINE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Appvd. Board of Education. Ages 5-19. Entire charge. Preparation all Exams.

CO-EDUCATIONAL.

KING'S LANGLEY PRIORY, HERTS. A School for Boys and Girls based upon the educational principles of Dr. Rudolf Steiner.

MISS M. PUTTICK'S CHILDREN'S CLASSES
(Girls from 4 to 14, Boys from 4 to 9 years)
2 BEDFORD GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.8.
In this sunny house children are taught by modern methods, to see, learn and admire. Great attention is paid to standard subjects, languages, etc. Visual Education by means of the Cinema, nature study from living things, organized games, rhythmic movement, children's library. Illustrated prospectus on application. Phone: Park 6709.

ADVICE ON EDUCATION.

Through personal visits of inspection, the Director of

COOK'S SCHOLASTIC SERVICE is able to give expert advice on the choice of a school for your child. Consultations in person or by post without fee or obligation. Address: Cook's Scholastic Service, Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., 45 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.